

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No 415.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1835.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

On the Physical Education of Young Women
—[*Education Physique, &c.*] By A. M. Bureaud-Riofrey, M.D. &c. Paris: De Just Rouvier; London, Dulau.

THAT education in general is defective in this country, is a truth which cannot too often be repeated, or placed in its several points of view. Whether we consider the Englishman as the citizen of a free state, as the head of a family, as a producer, as a moral and intellectual being, or as a mere living and sentient organization, proofs of this deficiency start into frequent evidence, in manifold acquired habits of thought and action, which impair his usefulness to society, and interfere with his own individual happiness. That mischief thus pervading should not have made itself more diffusively felt, may excite surprise, or lead even to a suspicion that the consequences are overrated: but custom is a great blinder; and it has been well observed, that the world comes into possession of the facts necessary to correct its various errors, long before it can be induced to apply them.†

But it may be objected, that the world is education mad; that we are pestered to death with "the march of intellect"; that "useful knowledge" is offered to all classes, and in all shapes and sizes, from the wholesale and wholesome bales of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, to the retail ounce and half ounce packets of charity tracts and penny magazines; and that all manner of institutions, lycæums, and philosophical associations abound. This is perfectly true; but the very empiricism with which such movement is attended, is an additional evidence how much remains to be learned on the subject. A general desire for the spread of knowledge being a leading characteristic of the age, on that very account it becomes the more necessary to ascertain that this immense force is not misdirected; that it is not wasted on inutilities, nor exerted in disseminating "lights which lead astray."

Education—embracing by that word all the details of the nursery, the school, and the university, together with the infinity of indirect agency, by which the adults modify the rising generation—is, we repeat it, at once cumbrously overlaid, and pitifully defective. While the tender organs of infancy are prematurely excited in a vain effort at precocious intellectual acquisitions, the physical training of the child is wholly abandoned; and his moral faculties being suffered to run wild, his undirected passions are left to the influence of chance associations, with no other guide than (equivocal) parental example, and a few pithless or mischievous maxims, rendered odious by the irksome manner in which they are inculcated.

† Les hommes conservent encore les erreurs de leur enfance, celles de leur pays et de leur siècle, long temps après avoir reconnu toutes les vérités nécessaires pour les détruire. — Condorcet, *Progrès de l'Esprit*.

These evils, far from disappearing, have increased during the last half century. The enormous pressure which a long war has laid upon the industry of the country, has rendered the maintenance of life and caste a matter of such difficulty, that attention has been too much turned from the real business of existence, and fixed almost exclusively on the one master science of raising the supplies. Knowledge, like everything else, is now considered as worth only "so much money as 'twill bring." Astronomy is valued as an aid to navigation, mechanics are prized for the steam-engine and the power-loom, and moral respectability itself is recommended by the pecuniary advantages of a good character. The noblest professions are consequently exercised as mere matters of profit; and the schoolmaster's occupation, yielding to the common necessity, has been gradually converted into a scheming speculation. The injurious effects of an overwrought competition are felt in every department of tuition. Even the pay of the domestic tutor is lower than that of "my lord's man"; and if, in his quality of clergyman, he is sometimes treated with consideration and kindness by the family, the same compensation for inadequate wages is but rarely extended to the unfortunate female instructress. Thus, while a decreasing rate of profits deteriorates the quality of the schoolmaster, his professional and social disqualifications lower his consideration, till the vicious circle of cause and effect has reduced the class, wherever these evils are not otherwise counteracted, very nearly to a minimum of utility.

Causes, sufficiently obvious, have tended to enhance the action of these mischiefs upon the female part of the profession; and if the secondary boy's schools are badly conducted, the education of females is a mass of errors, absurdities, and cruelties. Of the moral and intellectual deficiencies of schools for young women,—or, to employ the accredited jargon, of "seminaries for young ladies,"—it is not our cue at present to speak; and the necessity is the less, because they are a matter of sufficient notoriety. But of the injuries inflicted on health by the total want of common sense, in almost all the arrangements of these establishments, by the utter ignorance of schoolmistresses (the exceptions being too few to merit notice) concerning all that belongs to the living mechanism of their victims, the public require instruction; and the volume before us affords a fitting opportunity for conveying it.

That the constitution of females is inherently more delicate and liable to go wrong, than that of males, it were difficult to believe. It is not to be supposed that nature is so inadequate to her own purposes, as to have directly subjected the adolescence of girls to that long catalogue of maladies by which we see them commonly afflicted. True it is, that there are circumstances in their organization and its functions exposing them to dangers from which boys are exempted; but those

dangers, if not absolutely occasioned, are aggravated and multiplied by the confinement, mismanagement, and numerous errors in diet, clothing, &c.—in one word, by the whole series of extraneous influences to which girls are exposed in the nursery and the boarding-school.

In the present state of society, however, this tender and excitable condition of the female must, for all practical purposes, be taken as an original fact. It is a hopeless task to contend with the mass of prejudices and abusive customs, which have rendered the female youth more liable to disease and deformity than the male. It is an ingrain and rooted evil, founded on the falsest views of the faculties and duties of the sex, which the more clear-sighted have no lever long enough to move.

But while such abuses subsist, society must be contented that the female shall remain impressionable by a thousand morbid causes, the prolific parents of infinite infirmities, to which the well-born and well-reared would be nearly insensible: and from this it follows, that a more constant and unceasing care of enlightened superintendents should be bestowed on the rearing of such tender and hot-house plants. The want of this care, the general absence of all instruction on the point among teachers and governesses, are rendered manifest in the sickly countenances, distorted shapes, and consumptive coughs to be met with among the files of regimented victims, taking air and exercise (!!) in their forced marches along the road-side of the environs of this metropolis. Neither the health nor the mental elasticity, which are nature's special gift to youth, is to be found among them; and while the positively diseased are too numerous to be regarded as exceptions, the universal tone of constitution in all is obviously deteriorated.

Mons. Bureaud-Riofrey has, then, been happy in the choice of his subject. The theme is of the utmost importance to society, and, strange to say, it is almost virgin and untouched. Not, indeed, that the health of boys also does not require much attention during the period of their growth: but education, with them, is not such an all-engrossing matter; nature is much more left to itself. The boy is not watched and restrained during every hour of the day; and, consequently, so much is not done amiss, to undermine his stamina, and to derange his functions. But among females, all is meddling and interference—ignorant meddling and presumptuous interference. It is a fact not very explicable, that while men do not trust their watch with the blacksmith to mend, nor employ their apothecary to conduct their lawsuits, they should so unhesitatingly deliver their children to the guardianship of persons unacquainted with the simplest elements of the infant constitution. One consequence of this absurdity is, that girls are taken from the benches of the board-

ing-school, and suffered to become mothers, without having acquired the slightest knowledge of the simplest routine rules for the management of their own health or that of their infants; and this is one great cause of the frequent deaths in child-birth, and of the large mortality among the infants of the classes most at their ease.

In drawing attention to the many pernicious influences to which girls are exposed in the course of what is so improperly called their education, and in endeavouring to give to parents a knowledge of some of the laws which regulate the development of the female constitution, during the periods of its growth and adolescence, Mons. Bureau-Riofrey has assuredly done good service to the state; but with that acknowledgment, our unqualified commendation must end. Mons. Riofrey's work is too theoretical and declamatory to carry conviction to the English reader. It is deficient in method, in comprehensiveness, in well-established fact, and in rigour of logical induction; for it is a mistake to suppose that in popular treatises these merits are less essential than in works purely technical and professional. In proportion, indeed, as it is requisite to abstain from going deeply into a subject, it becomes necessary that what is taught should be well arranged, and should proceed luminously from the known to the unknown. Of all the duties committed to the scientific, the most difficult is that of imparting to general readers the quantum of knowledge on any subject which they have the leisure or the will to receive. The object of this sort of tuition is results—results taken upon trust, and stripped of the dry and laborious details by which they have been attained. Some connexion, however, they must have,—some bonds of elementary principle to fix them in the memory, and to make them intelligible as a whole; and the tact requisite to discriminate between what is absolutely necessary to communicate, and what may be left untouched, requires not only a profound knowledge of the subject, but a philosophic insight into the intellectual habits and opportunities of the public. But, it is rare that a task so humbly rated (however intrinsically important) is undertaken by persons sufficiently gifted; and it is, perhaps, further necessary to qualify our censure, by an intimation that the author of the volume under consideration professes only to give a sketch of his subject; and to admit that the work (however less than perfect) contains a multitude of neglected truths and reasonings, by which a judicious reader may profit.

It is, for instance, a pregnant truth, almost universally overlooked, that the period of growth governs the whole future existence of the subject. In this period alone can hereditary vices of the constitution be combated with any hope of success; and upon the healthy, orderly, and equable conduct of the process, the soundness and vigour of the mature functions depend, as closely as the shadow does on the substance. From birth, up to the full maturity of the frame, a succession of partial developments takes place at fixed epochs, which concentrate, for the time, the whole energy of vitality upon particular organs. These epochs are familiarly known to the least observing. The times of the successive changes are fixed by the inscrutable pri-

mary laws of organic life; and whatever external causes tend to disturb the order, to hasten or to retard its march, or prematurely to call into activity an organ, whose functions are yet destined to continue in abeyance, will endanger, if not destroy, the health of the whole body—will consign it to a premature grave, or, worse still, to a long life of suffering. At every stage the balance of forces changes; and it is from the successive subordination of every organ to the temporary law, that health, beauty, and proportion arise. The undue preponderance of one organ or system produces an undue debility of the rest; the harmony of nature is converted into discord; and the evil (if not corrected) infallibly extends more and more widely with the subsequent growth of the subject. In infancy, for example, the growth of the brain is rapid, its organic vitality is exalted. At this period of life, depressing causes, or such as prematurely transfer the exaltation to other parts, may check the expansion of the cerebral mass, producing idiocy, more or less complete. Undue excitement, on the contrary, is followed by epilepsy, water in the head, or a fatal precocity of intellect: "So young and witty, they say, live not long." At a later period, the respiratory organs and circulating system become the foci of vital activity; and then small accidents determine hæmorrhages, consumptions, and diseases of the heart.

There is one train of phenomena (to a mother's eye perhaps the most formidable) which is traceable almost exclusively to school errors, and which may be embraced under the general appellation of deformity. How completely this cruel infliction arises out of the mistakes and absurdities of imperfect civilization, may be deduced from the fact, that it is so rarely met with among the hunting and nomadic tribes, or those vulgarly called savages, with whom nature is left to itself. Deformity, or morbid curvature of the spine,—a disease in itself, and a pregnant cause of other diseases,—exists far more generally than is suspected, by any but dress-makers and ladies' maids. There are very few among the higher and middle classes of females, whose figure is strictly and exquisitely normal. The mere habit of writing, alone, with the posture it implies, will commonly give some slight degree of enlargement to the right side; add to this, the constrained and awkward attitude of the harp-player and the tambour-worker,—and the frequency of the phenomenon will cease to surprise. It is a gross and a common mistake, however, to imagine that distortion is wholly an affair of accident. The great groundwork of curvatures is generally a constitutional defect, by which the secretion of the bony matter is morbidly affected. It is true, that during the earlier periods of growth, when the bones are naturally soft and pliable, simple irregular pressure may produce this effect. A permanent affection of the one small muscle, whose action is so visible in the movements of the neck, will, by pinning the head to one shoulder, and shifting its centre of gravity, occasion a complicated and most distressing distortion of the whole bony supports of the trunk. But where the mechanical cause of curvature is less constant, there is, in strong constitutions, a considerable power of resistance; and the deformed are, for the far greater part, to be found

among those whose vital energy has been impaired, or who have laboured under a specific disease of some one or more of the spinal vertebrae, or joints of the back-bone.

The error of overlooking this fact has been attended with the practical mistake of attempting the cure of incipient deformity by means purely mechanical, which, when thus misemployed, are more calculated to increase than remedy the disease. To employ them with effect, they should be committed to the discretion of the physiological physician, and not trusted to the mere instrument-maker, much less to the routine application of ignorant and self-satisfied schoolmistresses. The constrained attitudes enforced by the back-board, the stocks, and the steel apparatus for holding up the head, have produced far more distortion than they have cured. It is upon this part of his subject, that the author before us is the most at home; and his observations on distortions, and on callisthenic exercises, seem to be the result of his own personal observation. For our own parts, however, we cannot but look upon these, and all other orthopedic inventions, with great suspicion, even when most scientifically employed. We are quite satisfied, that the best exercise for health and for symmetry, is that which the instincts themselves suggest to the infant, when not deprived of its natural liberty. The true development of the body is the necessary result of its functional actions, when these are not perverted by injudicious restraint, or impaired by unwholesome habits of life.

We have, we trust, said enough to draw the attention of our readers to this all-important subject, and to shake their confidence in the prevailing no-system of female education, as well domestic as public. The first object in life should be health; for, without it, enjoyment and utility are alike impracticable; and all the artificial acquirements, for which it is too often sacrificed, are made worthless and unprofitable. Whatever improvement, also, the human race may be susceptible of attaining, must be sought through an improvement of the female. It is by rendering her stronger, more healthy, wiser, and more moral, that the imperfect body and mind of the race at large can alone be changed and strengthened. Whether, therefore, we consider the female as a moral and sentient being, for whose happiness society is accountable, or regard her merely as the mould in which the entire race is cast, the prevalent neglect of her physical education is alike criminal and foolish,—a stain on civilization, and a drag upon the future progress of the species. Amidst the blaze of science and the burst of discoveries, how fearful are still the barbarism and ignorances of the nineteenth century!

Goethe's Correspondence with a Young Lady.—[1. *Goethe's Briefwechsel, &c.* 2. *Tagebuch.*] Berlin: Dümmler; London, Black.

THERE have been false prophets in literature as well as in religion; and both have appeared for a season in all the honours of undeserved celebrity. We cannot always judge of the rank of a chief by the number of his followers; for if the final approbation of the many be just, their immediate favour or dispraise is rarely so. It requires time

to winnow the chaff from the grain of public applause; the idol of one generation may be the contempt of the next; and the history of letters exhibits no lack of Lyllys and Aretines.

By contemporaries, perhaps, the supremacy of a great mind may be best estimated by the command it is seen to exercise over such as are themselves highly endowed; even as the power of the wave is shown by the size of the rocks it has moved. An accident may captivate the humour of the many; but he who is admitted to be the first amongst the rarer few, must have no doubtful claim to this distinction.

As an evidence of this nature, the Correspondence of Goethe with his distinguished friends, which has from time to time been noticed in our pages, has a value beyond its intrinsic worth. It is important to our judgment of this remarkable man, to observe his rule over minds of a superior order; and the cordiality of their respect for him gives a new confidence to our own admiration. But the series is in itself altogether pleasant and instructive. We doubt if any such collection of sterling materials, if so much interesting speculation and ripe wisdom, has ever before appeared in this unassuming form.

The volumes now before us are totally different in character from the preceding, and exhibit the poet in a new and singular relation. Here he appears to us as the object of the romantic devotion of a young and eager-minded girl—a devotion personal rather than poetical—at an age, too, when most men have ceased either to feel or to inspire tenderness. His correspondent is Bettine Brentano, who subsequently became the wife of the poet Von Arnim. The letters were chiefly written by her in her fifteenth and the three following years. But the charm of the book consists in the picture it displays of her character, at once original, strange, and captivating. Born of a race already distinguished in literature—the grand-daughter of Wieland's first love, Sophie de la Roche, sister of Clemens Brentano, the poet, whose conversion to Catholicism has been often mentioned, and endowed with a nature ardent, sensitive, and yet bold, this girl, left an orphan at an early age, and educated in a convent, conceived, while yet a child, and personally unacquainted with Goethe, an attachment for him equally strange and violent. An introduction (self-made) to the poet's mother, followed by a close intimacy, and a subsequent visit to Weimar in 1807, gave additional food to this singular passion, which increasing years seem to have only strengthened. But her letters do not merely exhibit a picture of this romantic feeling, expressed with a force of language and imagination quite marvellous in one so young—they contain such delicious little passages of description, and depict the writer herself in so engaging an aspect, that we can only wish these episodes were more frequent, and the effusions of her love fewer. She is a perfect *Die Vernon*; and, when relieved from her tenderer fancies, a joyous wilful creature, loving all kinds of mischief and adventure, and looking with a sly but good-humoured keenness upon the characters around her. Beneath an exterior of caprice, however, there is a depth of generous feeling—a proneness to solitude and thought, which redeem her from the charge of mere gaiety and ec-

centricity. And she manages her pen with such grace, that, unless her letters have been retouched at a later period, they are, as compositions of a girl of fifteen, almost miraculous.

That the poet returned the devotion of his young friend with grateful tenderness may be conceived; but his replies are short and unimportant: our attention shall therefore be entirely given to the lady, whose character we have been compelled to indicate at some length, in order to the understanding of the extracts from her letters. The first is so characteristic a history, that we must give it almost entire. It was addressed to Madame von Goethe (the poet's mother), on the fair writer's return from her first visit to Weimar. It will be remembered that, in 1807, there was war in Germany; and the travellers, consisting of Bettine and her newly-married sister and brother-in-law, were in some danger. The ladies were therefore at first to travel in disguise.

I have already informed you, by letter, that we passed through the armies in male costume. Just outside the city gate my brother-in-law made us get out—he wished to see how the dress became us. Lulla (her sister's pet name) looked very well, for she is finely grown up, and her clothes fitted her excellently; but all mine were too wide and too long, as if they had been bought in Rag Fair. * * I sat on the coach-box during the whole journey, and wore a fox-skin cap, with the fox's tail hanging behind. When we came to a station, I unharnessed the horses, and helped the postilion to put the others to. With the postillions I used to speak broken German, as though I were a Frenchman. * * As midnight approached we heard a whistle in the forest; my brother-in-law handed me a pistol out of the carriage, and asked if I had the courage to fire it off on the approach of the villains. "Yes," replied I. "Then," said he, "only take care not to fire too soon." Lulla, in the carriage, was in great terror; but I, under the free heavens, with my pistol cocked, and a sabre girt on, with innumerable sparkling stars above, and around me the glittering trees that threw their giant shadows across the wide moon-lit road—all this made me bold on my elevated seat. Then I thought of *him*, should he have met me thus in the years of his youth, whether this would not have had a poetical influence on *him*, so that he would have made songs about me, and never forgotten me again! * * In Berlin I was like a blind man in a crowd; and in mind also was I absent; I could participate in nothing; I only longed continually for darkness, that I might not be disturbed by anything in thinking upon the future, which was so near at hand. O! how often did the alarm sound!—suddenly, unforeseen, amidst the silence of repose,—from whence I knew not. Swifter than thought a delicious terror had seized upon me. O mother, mother! think on your son; if you did but know you should see him ere long, you too would become like an electric conductor, which every thunder cloud strikes! While we were but a few miles from Weimar, my brother-in-law said he wished not to make the circuit by Weimar, and would go another way. I was silent; but Lulla would not allow of this: she said, "You have once promised it, and shall keep your word with her." Ah, mamma! the sword hung over me by a single hair, but I escaped happily.

We arrived at Weimar about noon; dinner was served, but I could not eat. The other two lay down to sleep on the sofa; we had travelled three nights without rest. "I would advise you, too, to refresh yourself with rest," said my brother-in-law: "Goethe will not trouble himself much whether you visit him or no; and it may

be, too, that there is nothing particular to see in him." Can you conceive that this speech took all my courage away? O! I knew not what to do; I was quite alone in a strange town; I had changed my dress, and stood at the window looking at the clock in the tower—it just struck half-past two. It came upon me, that perhaps Goethe would care little to see me; it occurred to me that people call him proud; I compressed my heart strongly to silence its yearnings—at once the clock struck three;—and at once it seemed just as if he had called me. I ran down stairs to seek the servant. "There was no carriage—would a sedan chair do?"—"No," said I, "that is an equipage for the hospital!" We went on foot. The streets were a perfect pool of chocolate; I was forced to let myself be carried over the deepest puddles; and in this manner I arrived at the house of Wieland—not of your son. I had never seen Wieland either, but I made believe that I was an old acquaintance of his; he tried for a recollection on all sides, and then said, "Yes, certainly, you are a well-known, beloved angel; but I cannot indeed remember when and where I have seen you." I joked with him, and said, "Now I have discovered that you dream of me, for you cannot have seen me in any other manner." I made him give me a note to your son, which I afterwards brought with me to keep as a remembrance, and I will transcribe it for you here:—

"Bettine Brentano, Sophia's sister, Maximilian's daughter, grand-child of Sophia la Roche, wishes to see you, dear brother, and pretends that she is afraid of you, and that a line from me would be a talisman to give her courage. Though I am pretty certain that she does but make game of me, still I must do as she would have me; and I shall be surprised if you do not find it so as well as I. "W."

With this note I set off; the house stands opposite to the fountain—the water sounded so dizzily in my ear—I ascended the plain flight of steps; on the walls there stand plaster statues, to impose silence. I, at least, could not speak loud on this consecrated threshold. Everything around has a friendly and yet solemn air. In the apartments the utmost simplicity dwells—oh how invitingly! "Be not afraid," the modest-looking walls said to me; "he will come, and neither be, nor wish to be, more than those;" and straightway the door opened, and there he stood, serious and dignified, and looked at me with a steady glance: I stretched out both hands towards him, I believe—soon I lost all consciousness. Goethe hastily caught me by his bosom. "My poor child, have I terrified you?" These were the first words with which his voice sank into my heart; he led me into his apartment, and placed me on the sofa opposite to him. Both of us were then mute; at length he broke the silence—"You have, of course, read in the journals that we have sustained a great loss a few days since, by the death of the Archduchess Amelia." "O!" I said, "I never read the newspapers." "So? I had thought all that passes in Weimar was interesting to you." "No! nothing interests me but you only, and on this point I am much too impatient to examine newspapers." "You are an affectionate child." A long pause,—while I sat rooted to the fatal sofa, in such uneasiness! You know that it is impossible for me to sit still like a well-behaved person. O mother! is it possible to forget myself so utterly? I said suddenly—"I cannot remain any longer on the sofa," and started up. "Well," he said, "make yourself quite at home." Immediately I ran and flung my arms around his neck; he drew me on his knee, and clasped me to his heart. All was silent—quite silent—everything faded away. I had not slept for so long; years had passed away in yearning towards him; on his bosom I fell asleep—and when I awoke, a new existence began in me.

The following extract describes an adventure of the same journey, in which the young heroine appears to advantage.

In the great oak forest (near Moldeburg) I set at liberty the squirrel which you gave me as a companion; it was high time: during his five miles ride in the carriage he did terrible mischief, and at the inn at night he made a meal of the Burgomaster's slippers. I cannot imagine how you managed to prevent him from upsetting all your glasses, nibbling at all your furniture, and soiling every cap and turban in your possession. He bit me, too, but I forgave him for the sake of the beautiful, haughty Frenchman who brought him on his helmet all the way from the south of France to Frankfort. In the forest I set him down; but as I turned away, he leapt back to my shoulder, and would take no advantage of his freedom, and I would fain have again taken him with me, because he loved me more than the fair green oak trees. But when I returned to the carriage, the rest made such a riot and such complaints of our dear little companion, that I was forced to take him into the forest. I was, however, in no hurry: I selected the finest tree in all the wood, and climbed up it. When I was at the top I let him out of the bag; he sprang gaily from branch to branch, and set to work with the acorns; in the meantime I scrambled down again. On arriving at the foot, I found I had lost the direction of the carriage, and though I could hear them calling, I could not determine from whence the voices came. So I stood still until they came up; they all scolded, but I said nothing—laid myself down at the bottom of the carriage on three jars of Seltzer water, and slept admirably until the moon was up, when the carriage was upset, but so gently, that no one was hurt. A nut-brown chambermaid flew off the box, and lay fainting on the flat bank of the Main, in a romantic state of disorder, in the very face of the moon; two boxes of lace and ribbons flew a little farther, and swam away quite stately down the Main. I ran after them, always in the water, which is now shallow, in consequence of the great heats; they all shouted after me as I running mad; I heard them not, and believe that I should have come swimming back to Frankfort with the trunks, had not a boat lain out from the shore, on which they stuck fast. I seized them under both arms, and marched back again through the clear water. Brother Franz said, "You are out of your senses, my girl," and would keep on scolding with his soft voice: I put off my wet clothes, was folded in a warm cloak, and packed up in the carriage.

In Aschaffenburg they compelled me to go to bed, and boiled camomile tea for me. To avoid taking it, I feigned sleep. Thereupon they discoursed of my services; how I was too good-natured, full of complaisance, and never thought of self; how promptly I had swam after the trunks; and how, had I not fished them up, there would have been no making their toilette to dine with the Prince Bishop the day after. Ah! they did not know what I knew—namely, that amongst the trash of false curls, gilt combs, and lace, there was a treasure, hid in a red velvet purse, for the sake of which I would have flung both the trunks into the water, with everything in them, both of mine and of the others; and that, but for this, I should have enjoyed seeing the trunks returning on their voyage. In this purse there lies concealed a nosegay of violets, which your son, in a party at Wieland's, flung to me as he passed by.

The letter concludes with a passage touching our acquaintance the squirrel, which is so pleasant and naïve, that we must give it.

Propos, I wish you would peep some day behind your fire-screen, on the fine painted side which you always turn to the wall, that the sun may not fade it; and you will then discover that

the squirrel has much damaged the goddess of the stove, and eaten her face white all over. I would not tell you about it, because, in fact, it was I who had tied the squirrel to the screen contrary to your orders, and so I feared lest you should be angry; for this reason I mention it now, in order that your anger may exhaust itself during my absence.

It is no easy task to continue our extracts; the writer appears in such a Protean variety of character, that to give some indication of its several aspects, would compel us to translate half of the entire collection. She is quick and almost perplexing in her changes; the appearance of one moment is in direct contrast with the succeeding, and yet all are so vivacious and pleasant, that we regret our inability to do more than snatch a trait here and there. The following passage contains a night thought of singular depth and beauty. It must be observed, indeed, that throughout the series we find a profound love of nature softening all that is wild and fantastic in the young writer's temperament, and suggesting a vein of eager and yet tranquil thoughtfulness:—

"To you"—Bettine is addressing Goethe's mother—"midnight is the spirits' hour, in which you deem it a sin to keep your eyes open, and thus avoid seeing them; but I have just now been walking alone in the garden, through the long avenues of vines, and leaning on the wall to look down upon the Rhine—all was silent there. But the white foam-ripples were whispering, and there was a constant plashing on the shore, and the waves lisped like children. When one stands at night thus alone amidst unbounded nature, it seems as if she were a spirit praying to man for release. But may man then set nature free? I must reflect on this again; but many a time before now I have felt this impression, as though nature implored something from me with a plaintive sadness, that cut me to the heart, because I could not understand what she desired. I must consider of this seriously."

That Bettine was in love with Goethe, *dans les formes* is quite evident, and this more from the little sallies of feeling which she unconsciously betrays, than from her avowed devotion. Her jealousy of all who approached or presumed to admire him, is most amusingly conspicuous; and in no instance more so than in her interviews with Madame de Staël, the first of which she thus describes, after a comparison that must be admitted to have some truth, in spite of its whimsical petulance:—

A celebrated woman is a curious thing; no woman dare compete with her; she is like *eau de vie*, with which the grain it is made from must not equal itself. A spirit like this bites the tongue and mounts into the head: so does a celebrated woman, too,—but I am fonder of the pure grain, which the sower casts into the loosened soil; the blessed sun and the fruitful rains woo it forth again, and it makes the fields all green, and bears golden ears, and then at last comes the joyous harvest home; I would rather be a simple grain of wheat than a celebrated woman, and had rather be broken by him as his household bread, than bounce through his head like a dram. Now, I will just mention, that yesterday I dined with Madame de Staël, at Mayence. No other lady would sit next her at table, so I placed myself beside her; it was uncomfortable enough, for the gentlemen stood round the table, and had all posted themselves behind us; and one pressed on the other, in order to speak with her and get a sight of her face, leaning quite over me. I said "*vos adorateurs me suffoquent*," at which she laughed. She told me that Goethe had spoken to her of me, and I was fain to stay, for I longed to

hear what he had said; and yet I felt vexed, for I had rather he did not speak of me to any one, nor do I think he did—she only said it perhaps for talking's sake. At last there came so many, all of whom would talk with her over my shoulders, that I could endure it no longer, and saying to her, "*vos lauriers me pesent trop fort sur les épaules*," I rose and forced my way out through her adorers: whereupon Sismondi, her companion, came up and kissed my hand, and said I had a great deal of *esprit*; he repeated the remark to the others, and they all echoed it some twenty times over, as if I had been a prince, in whom the commonest thing that can be said passes for wisdom. I listened to her afterwards, while she was speaking of Goethe; she had expected to find him a second Werther, but had been disappointed; neither his manners nor his appearance suited the character at all, and she sadly lamented that he had nothing of the kind about him. This talk made me angry (that was needless, you will say); I turned to Schlegel, and said, in German, "Madame de Staël has made a double blunder, first in her expectations, and next in her opinion; we Germans expect that Goethe can shake from his sleeve twenty such heroes, that will equally astonish the French: we imagine, however, that he is himself a hero of a totally different stamp." Schlegel is to blame for not having brought her to a better understanding on this point. She threw a laurel leaf, with which she had been playing, on the ground; I stood upon it, and pushed it aside with my foot, and went away.

As a pendant to the above, we extract the following account of the meeting between Madame de Staël and Goethe's mother at Frankfort. As a picture, although, perhaps, a little caricatured by the lively writer, it is excellent. The old-world stateliness and conscious pride of the Frankfort dowager—the theatrical mode of the "celebrated woman's" appearance, in a scene calculated to raise its effect by the broadest contrast, are very happily sketched. It is like an allegorical picture of the genius of modern France, surrounded by the representatives of the middle ages.

My ill-fortune brought me to Frankfort just at the time when Madame de Staël passed through, (I had already been favoured with her company for a whole evening at Mayence), but your mother was quite glad that I was at hand to assist her, for she was already apprized that the De Staël was to bring her a letter from you, and wished me to perform the interludes, in case she should need relief during this great catastrophe. . . . The interview was at the party of Bethmann-Schaaf, in Moritz Bethmann's apartments. Your mother, either in irony or in pride, had decorated herself exceedingly, but with German humour, and not at all in the French taste. I must tell you, that when I saw her with three feathers on her head, waving on three different sides,—one red, one white, and one blue, the French national colours,—rising from a field of sunflowers, my heart beat with delight and expectation. She was roused with great skill; her great black eyes discharged a whole salvo of artillery; round her neck she wore the celebrated gold decoration the Queen of Prussia gave her; her bosom was covered with lace of ancient fashion and great splendour, a perfect family treasure; and thus she stood in white shining kid gloves,—one hand carried a curiously wrought fan, which she kept waving in the air, the other, which was bared, all over rings, set with sparkling stones;—while, from time to time, she took a pinch from a gold snuff box ornamented with a miniature of yourself, wherein you appear with powdered ringlets, pensively leaning your head on your hand. The party of the more distinguished old ladies formed

a semi-circle in the bed-chamber of Moritz Bethmann, on the sanguine purple carpet, with its white medallion in the centre decorated with a leopard; the company looked stately enough to be quite imposing. Beautiful Indian plants were ranged along the walls, and the apartments were lighted with dim glass shades; opposite the semi-circle stood the bed on a base of three steps, covered also with purple hangings; on each side were placed candelabra. I said to your mother, "Madame de Staël will fancy herself summoned before one of the *Cours d'Amour*,† for the bed yonder looks like the mantled throne of Venus. . . . At last the long-expected guest came, through a suite of lighted apartments, accompanied by Benjamin Constant: she was dressed as Corinne, in a turban of blue and orange silk, a robe of similar colour, with an orange tunic, clasped so high as to leave her bosom little room; her dark eyebrows and lashes glittered, and her lips had a mysterious red; her gloves were drawn down, and only covered her hands, in which she carried the well-known laurel-branch. As the apartment where she was expected lies below the rest, she was forced to descend to it by four steps. Unhappily she held up her robe before instead of behind; this gave a terrible blow to the solemnity of her reception; for, for a moment, it looked quite comical, as this figure, in the excess of the oriental style, precipitated herself amongst the stiff dames of a demure Frankfurt circle. Your mother darted a few courageous glances at me while the presentations were going on; I had placed myself apart to observe the whole scene. I perceived the amazement of the De Staël at the strange decorations and appearance of your mother, in whom an uncommon pride was visible. She spread out her train with her left hand, with her right she saluted, playing with her fan, and while making frequent and condescending bows, she said with a raised voice, audible throughout the apartment, "*Je suis la mère de Goethe*," "*Ah, je suis charmée*," replied the authoress. Here ensued a solemn silence. Then came the presentation of her intellectual suite, who were all desirous of making the acquaintance of Goethe's mother. Your mother returned their courtesies with a New Year's wish in French, which she kept murmuring between her teeth amidst solemn reverences; in short, I think the audience was perfect, and must have given a fine specimen of German *grandezza*.

We will now turn to a delightful little bit of confession recorded in the *Journal*‡ kept by Bettine, of Goethe's request after their first interview at Weimar, and chiefly written in the autumn of the year in which it took place. It is not often that young ladies can be won to disclose such histories as this pretty passage contains; and the frankness with which the journalist acceded to the poet's desire on so interesting a point, is quite in harmony with the general artlessness of character which, in our eyes, lends a rare charm to her descriptions. In the little anecdote now before us, besides the acknowledged sweetness of the subject, it is delicious to meet that dignified and excellent man, the philosopher and poet Herder, in a moment of amiable relaxation from his habitual gravity. It must be premised, that Goethe, with a natural curiosity, had requested his pretty friend to record all the kisses she had received and remembered:—the first is connected with a beautiful story of a wounded soldier, whose life the young heroine saved

while war was raging in the streets of Frankfurt;—here is the second:—

"And now I will straightway tell you the history of my second kiss—it came almost immediately after the first; and what will you think of your young friend for having been so easy? On this occasion, indeed, it passed easily enough, and with one of your own intimates too. Some one rings—down I ran to open the door—a man in black, with a serious countenance, and eyes slightly inflamed, entered; before he told his name, or said what was his business, he gave me a kiss. Ere I could recollect myself, I gave him a box on the ear; and then, for the first time, looking angrily in his face, I discovered a friendly countenance, that seemed neither startled nor indignant at my proceeding:—to escape from my embarrassment (for I hardly knew whether I had done right or wrong), I hastily opened for him the door of my grandmamma's§ apartments. But my surprise was soon converted into alarm, when the latter cried out, time after time, with the greatest animation, "Is it possible! Herder, my friend Herder!—that chance should have led you to this moping spot—a thousand welcomes." Hereupon succeeded a thousand embraces; during which I quietly slipped away, and hoped that, amidst this torrent of caresses, the single one which was answered by a box on the ear might be buried. But no, he forgot neither kiss nor blow; and while pressed to the heart of grandmamma, and fettered by her encircling arms, he kept peeping over her shoulder at her grandchild, with a look of suppliant reproach. I understood him at once, and in like manner intimated to him that he must not denounce me, or I would have my revenge, and stole off to the ante-chamber. But Herder had no devotion left for grandmamma—for her sweet recollections of Switzerland—for the scraps from 'The Letters of Julia Bondeli,' which she communicated—he had no ear for her flattering and animated eulogies, or for her discourse of learned matters. He asked, "would she not let him see her grandchildren?" So we were all three solemnly led forth, and at the same time instructed by grandmamma how fortunate we were in seeing, and receiving the blessing of such a man. On his part, too, there was no remissness: he hastily came up to me, and laid his hand upon my head, which looked upwards menacingly at him, and said slowly and seriously—"This child appears to be exceedingly self-dependent: if God have bestowed this gift on her as an instrument of happiness, may she exercise it without hindrance, so that all may consent to her resolute will, and none desire to break her spirit." Grandmamma was not a little amazed at this singular benediction; and the more so, as he gave none to my sisters, who were, however, her favourites. We were dismissed, and went into the garden. In those days we wore wide scarfs of blue and white watered silk; they were tied behind in bows, spread out to their full breadth of at least an ell wide, so that they looked like butterfly wings. While I was working in my flower-plot, some one seized me by these wings—it was Herder. "Look you, my little Psyche," said he, "with wings one may indeed enjoy liberty, if the use of it at the right time is once learned; but by the wings also one may be imprisoned; and what will you give me, now, to be set free again?" He demanded a kiss—I made an obeisance, and kissed him without making the least opposition.

The following fragments of a letter written from Munich, whither, in 1807, Bettine was sent to study music under the celebrated Winter, make pleasant mention of a poet justly honoured by all who have had the hap-

piness to know him, and give an amusing specimen of our letter-writer's eccentricity.

I have been many weeks in Munich, studying music, and sing a good deal with Capellmeister Winter, who is a queer old creature, but just the teacher for me: for, says he, songstresses must have their caprices, and so I can freely exercise all mine on him. I pass much of my time in the sick-chamber of Tieck; his malady is the gout, a disease which lends itself to every kind of ill-humour and melancholy; with him I stay as much from taste as from charity: a sick-room is even in itself, on account of its great stillness, an alluring abode; a sufferer striving against his torments with steadfast resolution, makes it a sanctuary. You are a great poet, Tieck is a great patient, and to me he is a phenomenon, for I had not known before that such sufferings existed; he cannot move without groaning; the drops of anguish trickle down his face, and his glance often wanders over the sea of his misery like a troubled bird that in vain seeks a spot where it may rest; and I stand before him wondering and ashamed that I am so full of health. During all this, he still composes vernal songs, and takes delight in a nosegay of snow-drops that I constantly bring him; as often as I come he first begs me to give the flowers fresh water; then I wipe the moisture from his face quite gently, it can scarcely be done without giving him pain; and thus I perform all kinds of little services, which serve as pastime to him. . . .

Yesterday there was company at Tieck's; I slipped unobserved behind a screen, and there should certainly have fallen asleep, had I not heard my name mentioned: there they drew my portrait, in such colours that I could not but start at my own image; accordingly I suddenly stepped forth and said, "No! I am quite too hideous, I cannot remain alone with myself any longer!" This excited a small consternation—to me it was fine sport. So it once happened to me at Jacobi's, where Lotte and Lena† had not observed that I was seated behind the great round table. In the midst of their sermon, I broke into the discourse with the exclamation, "I will amend myself!"

An abundance of materials yet lies untouched before us, some of which we cannot willingly pass over. We shall probably return to them in another number.

Philanthropic Economy; or, the Philosophy of Happiness. By Mrs. Loudon. Churton.

THERE is acute reasoning and vigorous declamation in this work, but the philosophical foundation on which the argument rests, wants breadth and strength to sustain the weight of the edifice. Mrs. Loudon assumes that the visible revelation of God's will points out man's duty, by showing that happiness is manifestly the purpose of God's creation, and moral order the appointed means of its attainment. Now, surely the proposition is too vague and indefinite to be the base of an extensive theory. Her next step is to show that God has trusted to man's free will the organization of the social system, by which general happiness is worked out; and that he has given us as a guide, a moral sense, not an intuitive faculty, but a principle derivable from our sympathies, our reason, and our first associations. Here Mrs. Loudon appears to us to have fallen into the error of Hutcheson, and confounded the moral sense at one time

† Jacobi's two sisters, of whose domestic control over the amiable philosopher there are some droll instances given in the letters now reviewed. They appear to have been the direct opposites of their excellent brother, who was too gentle to relieve himself from their oppressive and jealous cares.

† *Minnehof*. We have no English translation expressly descriptive of this institution of the Troubadour times.

‡ This is the *Tagebuch* named at the head of our article, and now published with the two volumes of letters.

§ This lady, it will be remembered, was the celebrated Madame de la Roche, at that time advanced in years.

with our susceptibility of moral emotion, and at another, with the deductions of reason; in truth, the moral sense is a mere abstraction, baptized, unfortunately, by a name that misrepresents its nature, and liable, therefore, to be mistaken for a reality. From these principles Mrs. Loudon deduces practical results of the highest importance: some of them, we think, might have been reached by a shorter road; of others we shall not offer an opinion, but simply state the writer's views, and the reasoning by which they are supported.

The first and most important political aphorism maintained is, that "Labour being the origin of all wealth, it is an incontestible proof of a vicious social economy, if any but the idle know the misery of want. The distress of the labouring classes in any community is, it is maintained, produced by a disproportion between the price of raw produce and the price of labour. The test of such a disproportion will be, that, in such a community, while luxuries are cheap, the necessities of life are dear." This leads to a consideration of the Corn Laws, which Mrs. Loudon considers cruelly unjust to the labouring classes, and irreconcilable with the moral government of the Universe designed by its Creator. Here, we think, that the practical reasoning far surpasses the philosophical; if the Corn Laws be unjust, it is scarce necessary to prove them irreligious; if they produce extensive misery, it is useless to inquire whether they square with the moral order of metaphysicians. Mrs. Loudon next proceeds to show that the restrictions on the importation of corn cause a lamentable waste of the national wealth, and of the resources whence that wealth is derived. Land is now forced to yield a produce not natural to it, and all the money expended in forcing that produce, is, she considers, as much wasted as if it had been thrown into the sea. Independent, then, of the sum which the monopolist landlord extorts from the labourer, the consumers pay a much larger sum, by which nobody is a gainer.

It is next attempted to be proved, that the true interests of the landlords themselves would be advanced by the abolition of the corn monopoly. It is not denied that they would be subjected to some temporary inconvenience; but it is contended, that an extensive adoption of the small allotment system, would carry them safely through the season of transition.

Mrs. Loudon next considers the expediency of substituting a direct tax upon property, for the cumbrous and vexatious machinery of indirect taxation. No doubt her reasoning is correct, but the practical difficulty escapes her notice. Indirect taxation is forced upon the government by the people; a direct tax ever has been, and, until the people are far better informed, will continue to be unpopular, though economic science proves it to be really the least burthensome, and the most efficient. It is further contended, that one great benefit derived from direct taxation, would be the formation of an unexceptionable national constituency, the right of voting being given to every individual who paid taxes. The Law of Primogeniture is next assailed, but the arguments in its favour are not candidly stated. The question of Poor Laws for Ireland also engages attention, but Mrs. Loudon is obviously unacquainted

with that country, and hence no small portion of her reasoning is inapplicable to its peculiar circumstances.

The remainder of the volume is devoted to the discussion of most of the political topics agitated in our agitating day;—Church Reform, Hereditary Legislation, Vote by Ballot, &c. The authoress everywhere displays temper and ability; and when we question the validity of her arguments or conclusions, it is always with feelings of respect for her talents and fairness.

Sketches of Bermuda. By Susette Harriet Lloyd. Cochrane & Co.

WITH all our love for geographical investigation, Bermuda is a place about which we rather wish to know nothing positive or substantial, but leave for ever glimmering into and out of sight on the far horizon of terra incognita. Alas! there is left no resting point for the foot of poor Fancy now, let her flee as far as she will over the world of waters, unless perchance upon an iceberg at one of the Poles! This is cold comfort to the poetical, as poisoned Lackland says. It may, however, explain and apologize for a little delay in noticing this work. However, as we must have a statistic account of Bermuda, it could not possibly come in a more conciliating form than these *Sketches*. We are thankful that this bitter cup of knowledge is administered by one so cunning to disguise its repulsiveness. No more than her predecessors, Waller and Moore, does their sister-historian utterly dispel the glorious haze of romance that hangs over the enchanted isles. Never shall we forget the shock we received on reading in a modern Geography this sentence: "Of these little islands, the chief is that called St. George, with a capital town of the same name, containing about five hundred houses, built of a soft freestone, probably like that of Bath;" never shall we forgive pitiless John Pinkerton that fatal piece of information, which blew up to the moon our chief stronghold in the blessed land of ignorance. The cold-blooded prig! the precisian! couldn't he at least have remained content with "freestone," but he must have rubbed our very noses to a Bath block, as if resolved we should never forget Bermoothes was little better than a flotsom part of Somersetshire? In another vein does our judicious and benign authoress give a description of these isles, which flatters the reader with a half notion of their still being, as it were, not altogether and exactly, so to say, dull, downright spots of humdrum earth, but, perhaps, scarcely reclaimed corners of fairy-land. She is like Miranda herself, who laments to see Ferdinand bearing the log, and cheers him with looks of assistance; or like a careful and tender-handed sister of charity, who removes the bandage swathe by swathe from her blind patient's eyes, so that the light may come upon them softly. Now the truth is, so much of natural enchantment hovers about the Bermudas—in their eternally sunbright skies, their heaven-glancing waters, amid which they are borne up as so many nests on the tops of a coral forest rooted fathoms below, the stillness and solitude of their little world cut off from our noisy and busy great one—these, with a thousand other accidents of the region, partake so much of the ethereal and

the unusual, that they at once excite a somewhat visionary style of description, and excuse it. We imbibe from this the very spirit of the locality; we behold the land through a halo, but it is the halo of its own glowing atmosphere: there is a truth in the very illusion, for effects are real, however imaginary their causes, and the same *genius loci* who cast a spell on our authoress, would do the like by all of us, so that we learn its nature from her evidence. *Couleur de rose* may, indeed, be the hue of her retina, as *couleur de rubie* may have been that of Moore's; but we can easily estimate the quantum, and subtract it from the whole depth of tone, leaving the residual as independent colour of the object.

Let us add to the above, that our authoress possesses far more of the information usually called solid, than most accomplished young ladies, and imparts it far more agreeably. The geology, botany, zoology, &c. of these islands, are each set forth with their due share of notice and scientific nomenclature. Without any ostentation likewise, an acquaintance with French, Italian, and German, is indicated: the very pretty drawings which embellish the volume are her own. Not the least remarkable of her attainments is the power of writing *good English*, so very fluent, sweet, and pleasing, that were the subject-matter of her volume more important, we could almost read it a second time. Nay, there is more variety in it than the gurgle of the rivulet always permits to be appreciated. Amidst all her and our romance, we could scarce help laughing at one or two of her expressive descriptions: such as that of the lady, who, on a sudden invasion of visitors had to "telegraph for a turkey" to a friend on an adjoining island; and that of the Bermudee belles, who on account of their dresses being overloaded with starch, look as if they were "hewn out of rock-salt." A story too that tickled our fancy, is that of the Wesleyan preacher, who so often used the word *nocturnal*, that one of his black sheep, endeavouring to throw an intelligible gloss on so dark a term, exclaimed—"I say, Joe, how this parson likes *mock turtle*; why he did nothing but talk of it!" Again, the sugar-planter's etymology for *hurricane* is not a little characteristic and ludicrous: a wind that *hurries the canes*.

Readers may like to know the present population of Bermuda: from a census taken in 1831, there appears to be 7,330 white and free coloured, 3,920 slave inhabitants. The most dolorous item in the whole book, and a death-blow to all our midsummer day-dreams about Bermuda, is, that besides the above population, there are in this "pleasant land of drowsihood" (as Miss Lloyd calls it)—1500 convicts, and various regiments!

The New York Mirror.

[Second Notice.]

We shall continue our extracts from Mr. Willis's 'Pencilings by the Way,' without further comment.

Christopher North.

"One of my most valued letters to Scotland was an introduction to Professor Wilson—the 'Christopher North' of Blackwood, and the well-known poet. The acknowledgment of the reception of my note came with an invitation to breakfast the following morning, at the early hour of nine.

"The professor's family were at a summer

residence in the country, and he was alone in his house in Gloucester-place, having come to town on the melancholy errand of a visit to poor Blackwood—(since dead). I was punctual to my hour, and found the poet standing before the fire with his coat-skirts expanded—a large, muscular man, something slovenly in his dress, but with a manner and face of high good humour, and remarkably frank and prepossessing address. While he was finding me a chair, and saying civil things of the noble friend who had been the medium of our acquaintance, I was trying to reconcile my idea of him, gathered from portraits and description, with the person before me. I had imagined a thinner and more scholar-like looking man, with a much paler face, and a much more polished exterior. His head is exceedingly ample, his eye blue and restless, his mouth full of character, and his hair, of a very light sandy colour, is brushed up to cover an incipient baldness, but takes very much its own way, and has the wildness of a highlander's. He has the stamp upon him of a remarkable man to a degree seldom seen, and is, on the whole, fine-looking and certainly a gentleman in his appearance; but, (I know not whether the impression is common,) I expected in Christopher North, a finished and rather over-refined man of the world of his old school, and I was so far disappointed.

"The tea was made, and the breakfast smoked upon the table, but the professor showed no signs of being aware of the fact, and talked away famously, getting up and sitting down, walking to the window and standing before the fire, and apparently carried quite away with his own too rapid process of thought. He talked of the American poets, praised Percival and Pierpont more particularly; expressed great pleasure at the criticisms of his own works that had appeared in the American papers and magazines—and still the toast was getting cold, and with every move he seemed less and less aware of the presence of breakfast. There were plates and cups for but two, so that he was not waiting for another guest, and after half an hour had thus elapsed, I began to fear he thought he had already breakfasted. If I had wished to remind him of it, however, I should have had no opportunity, for the stream of his eloquence ran on without a break; and eloquence certainly it was. His accent is very broadly Scotch, but his words are singularly well chosen, and his illustrations more novel and poetical than those of any man I ever conversed with. He spoke of Blackwood, returning to the subject repeatedly, and always with a softened tone of voice and a more impressive manner, as if his feelings were entirely engrossed by the circumstances of his illness. "Poor Blackwood," he said, setting his hands together, and fixing his eyes on the wall, as if he were soliloquizing with the picture of the sick man vividly before him, "there never was a more honest creature, or a better friend. I have known him intimately for years, and owe him much, and I could lose no friend that would affect me more nearly. There is something quite awful in the striking down thus of a familiar companion by your side—the passing away—the death—the end for ever of a man you have been accustomed to meet as surely as the morning or evening, and have grown to consider a part of your existence almost. To have the share he took in your thoughts thrown back upon you—and his aid and counsel and company with you no more. His own mind is in a very singular state." "He knows he is to die, and he has made every preparation in the most composed and sensible manner, and if the subject is alluded to directly, does not even express a hope of recovery; yet, the moment the theme is changed, he talks as if death were as far from him as ever, and looks forward, and mingles himself up in his remarks on the future, as if he were to be here to see this and the other thing completed, and share with you the advantage for

years to come. What a strange thing it is—this balancing between death and life—standing on the edge of the grave and turning first to look into its approaching darkness, and then back on the familiar and pleasant world, yet with a certain downward progress, and no hope of life, beyond the day over your head!"

"I asked if Blackwood was a man of refined literary taste.

"Yes," he said, "I would trust his opinion of a book sooner than that of any man I know. He might not publish everything he approved, for it was his business to print only things that would sell; and, therefore, there are perhaps many authors who would complain of him; but, if his opinion had been against my own, and it had been my own book, I should believe he was right, and give up my own judgment. He was a patron of literature, and it owes him much. He is a loss to the world."

"I spoke of the 'Noctes.'

"He smiled, as you would suppose Christopher North would do, with the twinkle proper of genuine hilarity in his eye, and said 'Yes, they have been very popular. Many people in Scotland believe them to be transcripts of real scenes, and wonder how a professor of moral philosophy can descend to such carousings, and poor Hogg comes in for his share of abuse, for they never doubt he was there and said every thing that is put down for him.'

"How does the Shepherd take it?"

"Very good humouredly, with the exception of one or two occasions, when cockney scribblers have visited him in their tours, and tried to flatter him by convincing him he was treated disrespectfully. But five minutes' conversation and two words of banter restore his good humour, and he is convinced, as he ought to be, that he owes half his reputation to the Noctes. * * * Do you know Lockhart?"

"No, I do not." * * *

"I have known him long. He was in Edinburgh a great while, and when he was writing 'Valerius,' we were in the habit of walking out together every morning, and when we reached a quiet spot in the country, he read to me the chapters as he wrote them. He finished it in three weeks. I heard it all thus by piecemeal as it went on, and had much difficulty in persuading him that it was worth publishing. He wrote it very rapidly, and thought nothing of it. We used to sup together with Blackwood, and that was the real origin of the Noctes."

"At Ambrose's?"

"At Ambrose's."

"But is there such a tavern, really?"

"Oh, certainly. Anybody will show it you. It is a small house, kept in an out-of-the-way corner of the town, by Ambrose, who is an excellent fellow in his way, and has had a great influx of custom in consequence of his celebrity in the Noctes. We were there one night very late, and had all been remarkably gay and agreeable. "What a pity," said Lockhart, "that some short-hand writer had not been here to take down the good things that have been said at this supper." The next day he produced a paper called "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and that was the first. I continued them afterward."

"Have you no idea of publishing them separately? I think a volume or two should be made of the more poetical and critical parts, certainly. Leaving out the politics and the merely local topics of the day, no book could be more agreeable."

"It was one of the things pending when poor Blackwood was taken ill. But, will you have some breakfast?"

"The breakfast had been cooling for an hour, and I most willingly acceded to his proposition. Without rising, he leaned back, with his chair still toward the fire, and seizing the tea-pot as if it were a sledge-hammer, he poured from one

cup to the other without interrupting the stream, overrunning both cup and saucer, and partly flooding the tea-tray. He then set the cream toward me with a carelessness which nearly over-set it, and in trying to reach an egg from the centre of the table, broke two. He took no notice of his own awkwardness, but drank his cup of tea at a single draught, ate his egg in the same expeditious manner, and went on talking of the Noctes and Lockhart and Blackwood, as if eating his breakfast were rather a troublesome parenthesis in his conversation. After a while he digressed to Wordsworth and Southey, and asked me if I was going to return by the Lakes. I proposed doing so.

"I will give you letters to both, if you haven't them. I lived a long time in that neighbourhood, and know Wordsworth perhaps as well as any one. Many a day I have walked over the hills with him, and listened to his repetition of his own poetry, which of course filled my mind completely at the time, and perhaps started the poetical vein in me, though I cannot agree with the critics that my poetry is an imitation of Wordsworth's."

"Did Wordsworth repeat any other poetry than his own?"

"Never in a single instance, to my knowledge. He is remarkable for the manner in which he is wrapped up in his own poetical life. He thinks of nothing else. Everything ministers to it. Everything is done with reference to it. He is all and only a poet."

"Was the story true that was told in the papers of his seeing, for the first time, in a large company some new novel of Scott's in which there was a motto taken from his works; and that he went immediately to the shelf and took down one of his own volumes and read the whole poem to the party, who were waiting for a reading of the new book?"

"Perfectly true. It happened in this very house. Wordsworth was very angry at the paragraph, and I believe, accused me of giving it to the world. I was as much surprised as himself, however, to see it in print."

"What is Southey's manner of life?"

"Walter Scott said of him that he lived too much with women. He is secluded in the country, and surrounded by a circle of admiring friends who glorify every literary project he undertakes, and persuade him, in spite of his natural modesty, that he can do nothing wrong or imperfectly. He has great genius and is a most estimable man."

"Hamilton lives on the Lakes too—does he not?"

"Yes. How terribly he was annoyed by the review of his book in the *North American*. Who wrote it?"

"I have not heard positively, but I presume it was Everett. I know nobody else in the country who holds such a pen. He is the American Junius."

"It was excessively clever, but dreadfully severe, and Hamilton was frantic about it. I sent it to him myself, and could scarce have done him a more ungracious office. But what a strange thing it is that nobody can write a good book on America! The ridiculous part of it seems to me that men of common sense go there as travellers, and fill their books with scenes such as they may see every day within five minutes' walk of their own doors, and call them American. Vulgar people are to be found all over the world, and I will match any scene in Hamilton or Mrs. Trollope, any day or night, here in Edinburgh. I have always had an idea that I should be the best traveller in America myself. I have been so in the habit of associating with people of every class in my own country, that I am better fitted to draw the proper distinctions, I think, between what is universal over the world or peculiar to America."

"I can promise you a hearty welcome, if you should be inclined to try."

"I have thought seriously of it. It is, after all, not more than a journey to Switzerland or Italy, of which we think nothing, and my vacation of five months would give me ample time, I suppose, to run through the principal cities. I shall do it, I think."

"I asked if he had written a poem of any length within the last few years."

"No, though I am always wishing to do it. Many things interfere with my poetry. In the first place I am obliged to give a lecture once a day for six months, and in the summer it is such a delight to be released, and get away into the country with my girls and boys, that I never put pen to paper till I am driven. Then Blackwood is a great care; and, greater objection still, I have been discouraged in various ways by criticism. It used to gail me to have my poems called imitations of Wordsworth and his school; a thing I could not see myself, but which was asserted even by those who praised me, and which modesty forbade I should disavow. I really can see no resemblance between the *Isle of Palms* and anything of Wordsworth's. I think I have a style of my own, and as my *ain bairn*, I think better of it than other people, and so pride prevents my writing. Until late years, too, I have been the subject of much political abuse, and for that I should not have cared if it were not disagreeable to have children and servants reading it in the morning papers; and a fear of giving them another handle in my poetry was another inducement for not writing."

"I expressed my surprise at what he said, for, as far as I knew the periodicals, Wilson had been a singularly continued favourite."

"Yes, out of the immediate sphere, perhaps—but it requires a strong mind to suffer annoyance at one's lips, and comfort oneself with the praise of a distant and outer circle of public opinion. I had a family growing up, of sons and daughters, who felt for me more than I should have felt for myself, and I was annoyed perpetually. Now, these very papers praise me, and I really can hardly believe my eyes when I open them and find the same type and imprint expressing such different opinions. It is absurd to mind such weathercocks; and, in truth, the only people worth heeding or writing for are the quiet readers in the country, who read for pleasure, and form sober opinions apart from political or personal prejudice. I would give more for the praise of one country clergyman and his family than I would for the momentary admiration of a whole city. People in towns require a constant phantasmagoria, to keep up even the remembrance of your name. What books and authors, what battles and heroes, are forgotten in a day!"

"Wilson went on to speak of his family, and his eyes kindled with pleasure in talking of his children. He invited me to stop and visit him at his place near Selkirk, in my way south, and promised me that I should see Hogg, who lived not far off. Such inducement was scarce necessary, and I made a half promise to do it and left him, after having passed several hours of the highest pleasure in his fascinating society."

Lord Jeffrey and his Family.

"I was engaged to dine with Lord Jeffrey on the same day that I had breakfasted with Wilson, and the opportunity of contrasting so closely these two distinguished men, both editors of leading Reviews, yet of different politics, and no less different minds, persons, and manners, was highly gratifying."

"At seven o'clock I drove to Moray-place, the Grosvenor-square of Edinburgh. I was not sorry to be early, for never having seen my host, nor his lady, (who, as is well known, is an American,) I had some little advantage over the awkwardness of meeting a large party of strangers."

After a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Jeffrey, the door was thrown quickly open, and the celebrated editor of the *Edinburgh*, the distinguished lawyer, the humane and learned judge, and the wit of the day, *par excellence*, entered with his daughter. A frank, almost merry smile, a perfectly unceremonious, hearty manner, and a most playful and graceful style of saying the half-apologetic, half-courteous things incident to a first meeting after a letter of introduction, put me at once at my ease, and established a partiality for him, impromptu, in my feelings. Jeffrey is rather below the middle size, slight, rapid in his speech and motion, never still, and glances from one subject to another, with less abruptness and more quickness than any man I had ever seen. His head is small, but compact and well-shaped; and the expression of his face, when serious, is that of quick and discriminating earnestness. His voice is rather thin, but pleasing; and if I had met him incidentally, I should have described him, I think, as a most witty and well-bred gentleman of the school of Wilkes and Sheridan. Perhaps as distinguishing a mark as either his wit or his politeness, is an honest goodness of heart; which, however it makes itself apparent, no one could doubt, who had been with Jeffrey ten minutes.

"To my great disappointment, Mrs. Jeffrey informed me that Lord Brougham, who was their guest at the time, was engaged to a dinner, given by the new Lord Advocate to Earl Grey. I had calculated much on seeing two such old friends and fellow-wits as Jeffrey and Brougham at the same table, and I could well believe what my neighbour told me at dinner, that it was more than a common misfortune to have missed it."

"A large dinner-party began to assemble, some distinguished men in the law among them, and last of all was announced Lady Keith, rather a striking and very fashionable person, with her husband, Count Flahault, who, after being Napoleon's aid-de-camp at the battle of Waterloo, offered his beauty and talents, both very much above the ordinary mark, to the above-named noble heiress. I have seen few as striking-looking men as Count Flahault, and never a foreigner who spoke English so absolutely like a native of the country."

"The great 'Grey dinner' had been given the day before, and politics were the only subject at table. It had been my lot to be thrown principally among Tories, (*conservatives* is the new name,) since my arrival in England, and it was difficult to rid myself at once of the impressions of a fortnight just passed in the castle of a Tory earl. My sympathies in the 'great and glorious' occasion, were slower than those of the company, and much of their enthusiasm seemed to me overstrained. Then I had not even dined with the two thousand whigs under the pavilion, and as I was incautious enough to confess it, I was rallied upon having fallen into bad company, and altogether entered less into the spirit of the hour than I could have wished. Politics are seldom witty or amusing, and though I was charmed with the good sense and occasional eloquence of Lord Jeffrey, I was glad to get up stairs after dinner to *chasse-café* and the ladies."

"We were all bound to the public ball that evening, and at eleven I accompanied my distinguished host to the assembly-room. Dancing was going on with great spirit when we entered; Lord Grey's statesman-like head was bowing industriously on the platform; Lady Grey and her daughters sat looking on from the same elevated position, and Lord Brougham's ugliest and shrewdest of human faces, flitted about through the crowd, good fellow to everybody, and followed by all eyes but those of the young. One or two of the Scotch nobility were there, but whigism is not popular among *les hautes volailles*, and the ball, though crowded, was but thinly sprinkled with 'porcelain.'"

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE FOREST CHILD.

BY R. F. HOUSMAN.

It was a vision pure and mild
As ever blessed a waking eye;
The sweet form of a sinless child
Beneath a summer sky.

I sat beside the mossy roots
Of an old Elm—a hoary tree,
And near my feet a little rill
Went dancing in its glee—

Went dancing on, the live-long day,
Through flickering scenes of light and shade;
Yet sometimes paused in flowery nooks,
And with the flowerets played.

I gazed upon the restless thing
With mingled thoughts of joy and pain,
For that blithe streamlet led my heart
To childhood's sunny plain!

When—hark! The greenwood thickets stir—
The tangled hazel boughs divide—
And lo! a bright-haired, happy Child
Is standing at my side!

'Tis wearied with its summer play—
As roses droop with too much dew—
And on its smooth cheek deeply burns
The rose's crimson hue.

Around its brow a coronal
Of fairest leaves and buds entwine;
And in its lap a thousand gems
Lie—fresh from Nature's mine.

'Tis wearied out with summer play:
The sparkling wealth aside is flung—
And on the young moss sweetly sleeps,
A Child, as bright and young!

But years since then have passed away,
And years bring change, and blight, and woe—
And they who come the latest here
Are off the first to go.

The phantom of the greenwood glen
Is slumbering in a quiet tomb,
Beneath the ancient yew that fills
The churchyard with its gloom.

The crimson blush of dappled dawn
Wakes all sweet things in bower and brake;
The bird, the flower, the lamb, the fawn—
But *SHE* may never wake!

Yet often in the summer time
I sit beside the hoary tree,
And love to watch the little rill
Go dancing in its glee.

And when a small bird breaks away
From its dim nook of shrouding leaves,
My startled spirit owns the spell
That subtle fancy weaves;—

And then I see, or seem to see,
Between the blossom'd branches wild,
Come stealing in, with silent step,
The solitary Child!

THE PRIMROSE IN AUTUMN.

BY THE SAME.

THE solitary Primrose hath come back
To haunt the green nooks of her happy Spring.
Alas! it is a melancholy thing:
Thus to return, and vainly strive to track
The playmates of our youth! Whither have fled
The sweet companions of her vernal hours?
The bee, the infant leaves, the golden flowers,
That heard the Cuckoo's music as he sped
O'er hill and dale—whither have they departed?
And the blithe birds—have they, too, passed away
All, save the darkling wren, whose plaintive lay
Just tells, the hermitess is broken-hearted.
Go then, pale flower, and hide thy drooping head,
For all thy spring-time friends are changed, or dead.

THE SEAT OF WAR IN SPAIN.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BASQUE PROVINCES AND OF NAVARRE.

Of the Laws, Customs, Habits, and Manners of the People.†

THE Basque population, or Vascongadas, are widely diffused on both sides of the Pyrenees, and are spread over the south of France as far as Gascony, which hence derives its name. W. Humboldt, who analyzed the idiom of the Basque tongue, is of opinion that it is a primitive language.

In person the Spanish Biscayans are rather athletic and broad than tall, strong and active, equally formed for violent exertion and for the endurance of labour. They are quick and intelligent, and generally live to a healthy old age.

In the spirit of industry, the Biscayans far excel every other race within the diversified compass of the peninsula. With all the sagacity and good sense, and an equal share of the firmness and patience, which are the finest traits in the Spanish character, they are devoid of the indolence, gravity, and stateliness with which that character is disfigured; at the same time they are proud of their ancestral honours and their ancient privileges. They are a people of great vivacity. A free, bold, and republican spirit reigns among them; and being brave and warlike, trained to arms, and full of that spirit of enterprise which makes a nation glorious, they have in all ages maintained their independence, and often made insurrections in support of their liberties. Their honour and probity are inviolable; the laws of hospitality are sacred among them. Enthusiasm and romantic fidelity, (which are characteristic of a rude state of society,) are theirs; though the maxims of exterminating warfare, too often incident to civil conflicts and mountain strategy, have sullied their fame with cruelty. Several writers have represented the Biscayans as bearing a strong resemblance to the Irish in their general manners; but when the Celtic character falls under a warmer meridian, and is heated into the dark and ardent complexion which prevails in the habitable parts of these sunny mountains, it assumes a higher genius, and throws out deeper and firmer traits.

Before the consolidation into one monarchy of the diversified races and nations which compose the people of the Spanish peninsula, and while yet the several provinces formed separate kingdoms, each kingdom had its own peculiar laws and institutions, as circumstances or events had moulded them. Each little state had its own legislature, and its own municipal government; and after they had been reduced and united into one solid empire, they still retained their original assemblies in the nature of provincial states: thus, there were the *Fueros* of Castile, the *Fueros* of Valencia, as in France there were the Parliaments of Rouen and of Bordeaux. These local legislatures, or Cortes, as they were called in Spain, though they declined after each annexation, long retained great dignity; and had sufficient vigour to extort from each monarch, at his accession, an oath to observe the laws. They were at length violently suppressed by the Emperor Charles V., having previously received their death-blow from Cardinal Ximenes. The records of them which have been preserved, present a lively picture of ancient manners. Of these, the most ancient are the *Fueros* of Jaca, a small town on the frontier between Navarre and Aragon. The laws of that little community were the germ which afterwards expanded into the constitutional monarchy of Aragon.

Charters of community were also conceded, and the Cortes called together by the Christian conquerors, as the towns and provinces were suc-

cessively wrested from the Moors. The latter, being only the revival of the Gothic institutions, which had been overturned by the irruption of the Saracens, were founded on Gothic principles. And this brings us to the first important peculiarity in the laws of Biscay, by which they are distinguished from those of Arragon and of every other province. The *Fueros* of Biscay are believed to be the institutions of a race which possessed the Peninsula before the Goths left the north, and which has subsisted in these mountains unmixed with any race of invaders—the primeval laws of an aboriginal people. These laws are the usages and manners which shot wild and free in the mountains where they still flourish. The political constitution of Biscay has thus much in common with the Gothic governments, that it is a system of balance; but it differs from them in two essential circumstances: it is much less fettered by regal prerogatives; and it is absolutely unincumbered with ecclesiastical legislators, or secular prelacy in any form.

It is not generally known that the Basque provinces are fighting for republican privileges. Whether such privileges can be preserved to them consistently with the general interests of the Spanish people, is a question to be considered hereafter. I now merely state the fact, that the high monarchical principle of the feudal governments, which vested the legislative power in the king, leaving only the right of consent in the states, has no place in the polity of these provinces. The power of enacting laws and of imposing taxes, belongs to the States or Junta only. The Biscayans do not even recognize the title of king, and give the Spanish monarch no other appellation than that of Lord of Biscay.

Again, the lofty hierarchy congenial to the Gothic governments, and more especially to that of Spain, where the spirit of the Visi-Gothic code, as Montesquieu observed, entered deeply into all the ecclesiastical institutions—this form of spiritual authority the laws of Biscay repudiate with presbyterian aversion; and Biscay presents the remarkable spectacle of a people immersed in Catholic superstition and devoted to the monastic orders, clinging to a democratic form of ecclesiastical polity.

The two main branches of the laws of Biscay are, those which relate to municipal magistracy or corporations, called *Cabildos*, *Concegos*, and *Ayuntamiento*; and those which prescribe the constitution and privileges of the Junta, Cortes, or general legislature of the provinces. The town magistracy consists of a council of *Regidores*, resembling our aldermen, who are elected by the popular voice, and two *Alcaldes*, who are chosen by the *Regidores*.

The Cortes or Junta of Biscay, in which the legislative power resides, is a representative body, consisting of nobles, or *ricos hombres* as they are called, and deputies from the corporations, or *Ayuntamientos*, which constitute the essential part of it. These deputies are chosen after the following manner. The names of all the constituent towns are thrown into a vase or bag, and the first four that are drawn form a primary or elective college, who choose the deputies to the states, each town sending four deputies.

A little attention to the division of the soil in these provinces, the state and condition of the landed proprietors, and, above all, to the foundation of their influence over the peasantry, which is so remarkable, will illustrate the state of society. The power of the Biscayan chiefs is not built on wealth and revenue, like that of modern landholders, nor is it, like that of the ancient barons, derived from the legal subordination and vassalage which the feudal institutions extended among the communities in which they subsisted in purity. The *Hidalgos* of these mountains have neither wealth like the English Aristocracy, nor hereditary jurisdiction like the German

Grafs or Seigneurs. Traditional ancestry, the immemorial possession of the soil, are the only titles of the Biscayan chief, and place in his hands a power and dignity which neither feudal tenures nor any positive institution could equal. The highlands of Biscay are not, like the Asturias, engrossed by a few grandes, whose wide domains surround them with feudal state. They are possessed, for the most part, by freeholders of moderate fortune—yeomen, in a condition of happy mediocrity, who have nothing to depend on but those ancestral honours, from which, in a rude state of society, a natural influence and authority irresistibly flow. But, here, descent and the pride of family are superior to all other distinctions; antiquity constitutes a stable and deeply-rooted nobility. This principle is the animating spirit of society in Biscay. Few emerge from the mediocrity of their circumstances, but their possessions are rarely diminished by alienation. Nor, if the line of inheritance remain unbroken, and the immemorial transmission be continued, does poverty or the necessity of tilling the land with his own hands, either impair the dignity or tarnish the lustre of the *hidalgo*, who is sustained in his place by the pride of family and the spirit of antiquity. The sides of the Biscay and Alava hills are covered with mouldering towers, the ruins of the castles and mountain fortresses, from the walls of which the lords of Biscay once defied both Goth and Saracen. These monuments rural tradition invests with a thousand associations; on these walls memory hangs the tale of other days. These castles are the heraldry of Biscay. To be the possessor of a *Casa Solar*, as these remains are called, (few of them are now habitable,) is considered as a patent of nobility more illustrious than monarch can confer. A species of sovereignty is attached to it. Their possessors are the *Lochels* of the Spanish Highlands, the *Pariate Major*, or chief of the name. To them their distant kindred look with clanish devotion, and studiously deduce their lineage from the same stock through collateral branches.

This state of society, and the vein of sentiment which runs through it, is more simple and primeval than the feudal monarchy. The mixed ties of blood and ancient association are, perhaps, the firmest bonds by which men can be united in society. Nor has the influence of commerce, which, as we have seen, is active in this province, defaced the simple picture of pastoral manners, disturbed the system of rural economy, or weakened the ties by which the peasantry are combined in one firm and compact mass.

The absence of villeinage also elevates and ennobles the peasantry of Biscay; and, unlocking the heart of every individual to the same strain of heroic sentiment, augments the moral force of the country, and gives it the full use of its energies. The soil of Biscay is tilled by a free people, who, instead of being blended and brutalized by the moral degradation to which the feudal law dooms the cultivators of the ground on the banks of the Danube and the Vistula, are a race erect and bold. This freedom from bondage diffuses a remarkable air of courtesy and cheerfulness over the Biscayan peasantry.

The Biscayan provinces are exempt from the laws or ordinances of the *Mesta*, or right enjoyed by the nobles and clergy (for to them the pastoral lands belong) of depasturing their flocks of sheep, to the number of millions, on the plains and meadows, without compensation to the proprietors,—the greatest scourge to which the husbandry of any country ever was subjected. But agricultural improvement is discouraged, and anything like rural economy, on a great scale, effectually precluded here, as well as in other parts of Spain, by the laws of inheritance, which render every family estate a perpetuity. The law or custom which regulates the descent of real property is called the *Mayorazgo*, and is a

† For paper On the Country, Climate, and Productions, &c., see *ante*, p. 744.

combination of a strict inalienable entail, with the right of primogeniture. It is a remnant of the Visi-Gothic code, or rather of the Roman law, on which the Gothic was engrafted. This law not only takes away the chances of transfer, but even the possible division of the soil, and is an effectual obstacle to the application of capital to land. That face of cultivation, therefore, which the valleys wear in these provinces, is produced in detail, and is the fruit, not of general schemes of improvement, but of individual toil.

But there is one other principle of predominant influence among these mountain peasantry—a principle less generous and noble, and which, as it is perhaps the most active element in the present conflict, is deserving of particular attention,—I mean superstition, and the influence of the clergy.

In the simplicity of rural life, the relation of pastor and flock is always close, whatever be the religious creed that prevails; and the interesting ceremonies of baptism, marriage, and funeral rites,—events of consequence among peasants, and in which the priests bear a principal part,—give ecclesiastics a large space in the rustic mind. In this form of society, the sentiments of nature are not only stronger, but have freer course than in artificial life; and the susceptibility of personal attachment inflames the power of religion. But there are circumstances, both in the moral and physical condition of the Basque people, which tend to increase extremely the influence of these general causes.

There is no country in Europe where the Catholic superstition has been preserved in such antique purity and strength, unaltered by any matter which might dilute or impair it, as in Spain; and none where the great end of that system of doctrine and discipline, the exaltation of the moral influence of the clergy, and the placing in their hands the direction of the lives and motives of the people, has been so successfully attained. In Spain, every power has been directed to this object—the assiduity of the clergy, the severity of the laws, the jealousy of the government. In order to secure this end, the moral condition of the people has been vigilantly watched, and every movement and inclination of the public mind, from time to time, noted and observed. Every ray of religious light has been, until very recently, excluded by the terror of the ecclesiastical tribunals. Even branches of profane learning have been proscribed, as tending to enlarge the mind, and therefore having a remote tendency to shake the system of ecclesiastical dominion.

But by how much the Catholic superstition prevails in Spain above other countries, by so much is its strength greater in Biscay than in any other province. The tenacity of ancient usages, and of every custom which has descended from their forefathers, gives peculiar force to the rites and institutions, as to a branch of their national manners; while the local associations which people their mountains and valleys, and the living tradition which enlivens and gives vigour to every sentiment, affords a source of spirit and energy to the superstitions of the people, which no other portion, even of this superstitious land, supplies. The ecclesiastical establishment, regular and secular, forms a part, and no small part, of the venerable institutions of Biscay; the legends of its convents are bound up with its national traditions; its monastic order with its ancestral history. In a rude state of society like this, where superstition has not to struggle with the passions which complicated interests engender, there is much to mitigate and compensate even its evils. The Romish discipline, and the garniture of monastic foundations, supply a clothing to the nakedness of life in these barren regions. Without the monk, the social state of this country would be

bare—to remove the cowl and sandal would be to impoverish the detail of social life. The dark form of the Capuchin is almost as much a part of the scenery of a Biscayan mountain as its castle; and the figure flitting in the shadow is as essential to that sombre landscape as the ruin itself. Some bonds, some fictitious texture, is required in this loose form of society, to fill the place of those relations which are formed by the varied industry of more mature communities. Nor does superstition, in these Spanish highlands, wear that austere mien, or bigotry clothe herself with the terrors which those principles assume in countries where their supremacy is threatened. Shut out, by their language, from all communion with modern innovations, the Biscayans have preserved their primitive faith untouched, even by those slight innovations which the jealousy of Spanish priests has not been able wholly to ward off in the southern provinces. Heresy has not penetrated into their valleys—even the language of heresy is unknown; and the forms, as well as the spirit, of Catholic discipline, subsist as before the decline of the papal power. The sternness of that discipline is lost in pastoral manners. The confessional there is not (or was not till recent events perverted it,) the instrument of interest, policy, or ambition, but the source of consolation and pastoral offices. The friar is the friend and counsellor of the peasantry, who devolve on him, not only the guidance of their souls, but the burden of their temporal cares.

The exhortations of these fathers, unquestionably, lighted up the flames of civil war in Biscay, inflaming every patriotic sentiment and passion of the peasantry, and setting before them, as usual, those views of the present disputed succession, which were fitted to enlist the national prejudices against the queen; while they looked only to the interests of their own orders, and to the manner in which the revolutions of Spain might affect their authority. When Carlos was first proclaimed among these mountains, in October 1833, the Curés bore aloft the standard of rebellion at the head of the insurgent peasantry; while many friars assumed the dress of the guerillas, and did great execution on the queen's troops in the defiles and ravines of Guipuscoa.

Among the religious orders, the Carmelites and Dominicans are the most numerous in the Basque country. The condition of these friars, their mendicity—which is often the cloak of an active and enterprising genius—their penury, the coarseness of their garb, and their apparent sympathy with the poor and laborious, give them the same authority and power of agitation among the lower ranks of society and in the body of the people, which the talents and accomplishments of the Jesuits once acquired for them among the great. Since the expulsion of the Jesuits, the Dominicans have been the principal support and strength of the Papal power in Spain—to the views, interests, and policy of which they know the principles of a constitutional monarchy to be opposed. It was in this part of Spain, and out of the fanaticism which has always been so fervent in its northern provinces, that that religious order arose, which now cherishes, in its turn, the spirit that gave it birth. Fables, dramatized legends, all the mythology, in which a superstitious credulity delights, flourish here, and mingle with the romances of the Saracenic age. The cross and rosary are part of the mechanism of society; and the present contest has stained with blood many a mountain, whose dews were never swept but by pilgrim steps.

But though the pernicious influence of these religious orders is much mitigated in these provinces, it would be absurd to deny the mighty mischiefs of which such societies are productive, both here and in the rest of the Peninsula.

From the throne to the hamlet these orders pervade the whole course of life, weakening the active principle of the country, relaxing its springs, depressing every useful energy, inflaming every wasteful passion. Vast as are the tracts of land they hold in mortmain, it is their skill in wielding the influence thence derived that renders them formidable. They are the heads and directors of the great absolute party throughout all Spain.

Such is the simple outline of the circumstances under which the Biscayans have raised the standard of war—such are their motives, feelings, and opinions: they are led on to battle by the priest; but they are fighting for their local franchises and privileges, under which their country has undoubtedly flourished for many centuries—for their constitution—their right to be their own legislators, judges, and financiers. They refuse to delegate these functions to strangers of different language and manners, or intrust their liberties to a foreign and distant authority. Hence it is that they oppose the constitutional dynasty with the same obstinacy and ardour with which they would resist a foreign invader.

This, I believe, to be such a representation of the feelings of the people of these provinces, as they would themselves admit to be just. It must not, however, be forgotten, that there are other parties interested in the issue of the war, whose motives have an equal right to be considered. The Liberals, who are now predominant in Spain, have long been of opinion that the country never can be regenerated but by the abolition of *all* exclusive privileges, *all* local jurisdictions—in brief, by establishing one law for the whole nation. The war which is now raging in these provinces is but the outward manifestation of a struggle which has been going on throughout Spain for the last quarter of a century; a struggle usually described as between Liberals and Serviles—between the informed and the ignorant, but which is, in truth, *between public good and private interest*; and despotism heretofore triumphed, because so many private interests were inextricably involved in its success, and is enabled to raise its standard in the country, and find its stronghold in the republican provinces of Biscay, by the force of the one talismanic word *privilege*. The abolition of local jurisdictions is naturally as strongly opposed by the favoured provinces, as the abolition of personal and hereditary privileges were opposed by individuals. That success, however, which would secure republican liberty to the Basque provinces, would establish misrule, anarchy, and despotism in Spain. The privileges demanded by the Biscayans are inconsistent with the rights, happiness, and prosperity of the nation, and could not, with justice, be conceded, unless the Spanish people were prepared to break up the empire once again into fractional divisions, giving to each a supreme legislative power, subject only to a federal government. This question has not yet been broached, and is not, therefore, now to be considered. It is, however, far more frequently canvassed in Spain than is generally imagined, and already many of the local Juntas are exercising supreme power. It is quite clear, that so long as the people of the Basque provinces receive protection from, and are acknowledged by all European powers, as dependent on Spain, they must be subject to the universal Spanish law. Let us then hope that they may find in defeat that prosperity which they anticipate only from success, and that the whole Spanish nation, one and undivided, may share it with them.

† See the admirable Letters from Spain in the Athenæum for 1831, especially the sixth, on the Condition of Spain.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE
AND ART.

We were obliged to leave the magazines of the month untouched last week—and even in the interval which has since elapsed, have been able to snatch only a bird's-eye view of their contents. We are glad, however, to see that the *New Monthly* comes forth again, "like a giant refreshed," and is brilliant and interesting. With Campbell's letters from Algiers, and Coleridge's from Germany—with the American's Conversations with Lord Byron—and Poole's Journal of the attractions and humours of Little Pedlington—Hook's Flight over London, and Mrs. Hall's lively Irish nature—to say nothing of poetry by Barry Cornwall, the Corn-Law Rhymers, and others—what more of variety could the most splenetic desire? *Blackwood*, though less glorious than we have seen him, contains many things of interest and weight; the paper on the state of Protestantism in France is interesting, as showing the existence of a rallying point in that confused and dazzling chaos—the mind of modern France. The Sketcher, too, is fresh, as usual; his written pictures of scenery are about the happiest we know. For those who love satire, Magu provides the 'Hints to Authors,' and the stinging, comfortless sketch of 'The man who saw his way'—and for those who love affected quaintness and real feeling, may take the second dose of the Doctor. Neither is *Tait* without his good points—though we have seen him better; 'The midnight Mass' is a clever Irish story; but we wish Mr. Tait would listen to our whisper, that there is no greater mistake than to suppose that strength and emphasis are insured by the absence of refinement. —*Fraser* dissects Lord Brougham's 'Natural Theology,' and presents us with a portrait of Cobbett; Bombardinio's 'Views of Continental Life and Manners' amuse us—no matter how widely apart from our own. Besides these, we have a pleasant and learned paper on Theoritus, and a panegyric on upon Washington Irving.—The *Courier Magazine* goes merrily on, though this be the sere season for fashionables. Its 'Recollections of Mathews' are brought to a close—the sketch called 'A pair of Turtles,' is in its author's best vein. The *United Service Journal* has enlisted Captain Basil Hall as a contributor; we suppose that we may, ere long, look for this lively writer's 'Italian Experiences.' His papers on the Austrian Army must be full of interest to military men; for ourselves, we read the 'Leaves from a Log,' and shivered over the picture of the services of the coast guard.—Next come the *British Magazine* and the *Monthly Repository*, and two more fitting representatives of the old and new times could hardly be found; for Sylvanus Urban has learned some of the tricks of to-day—and has become pleasant as well as instructive.—Lastly, we have the *Analyst*—and we must take leave to ask its editor what he means by furnishing a report of the Dublin meeting, which he says "is not drawn from hearsay, or the evidence of others;" but which, in spite of this zealous declaration, is pretty thickly studded with quotations *verbatim* from the *Athenæum*—and these not in the reports, but in the introductory matter, which is precisely the portion most individual. He should take a lesson from the *New Monthly*, which has also copied from our columns, but had the good taste and right feeling to acknowledge the source of its information.

To the notice of Bellini, which appeared last week, we may add a few further particulars. It appears that he was a native of Catania, the son of one who is himself a musician of superior talent—that he studied at the Conservatorio at Naples—and that his eagerness in his art was such as to keep him to the piano day and night, till he was forcibly obliged to desist. The ruling passion, it appears, accompanied him through

his short life, and peopled its last hours with the figures of those to whom his works were so largely indebted for their success. During the moments of delirium which preceded his death, he was constantly speaking of Lablache, Tamburini, and Grisi; and one of his last recognizable impressions was, that he was present at a brilliant representation of his last opera (*I Puritani*) at the Salle Favart. There is something to us very melancholy in these traits, coupled as they are with the intelligence that had he been commonly prudent in the management of his disorder, his life might have been saved. He appears, too, to have borne the same character as his music—to have been affectionate and refined as a man, and to have left many mourners behind him.

We have just received "Proposals for publishing by subscription, a new and complete edition of the works of the Rev. Gilbert White, viz. 'The Antiquities of Selborne,' 'The Natural History of Selborne,' 'The Naturalists' Journal,' &c. with the addition of many original manuscript letters, &c. of Gilbert White, never before published; and a prefatory address by his nephew, the Rev. Edmund White, M.A. Rector of Newton Valence, county of Southampton; in one volume, quarto. The work to be embellished with several engravings of the most admired views in Selborne."

We are also requested to announce, that "Signor Guido Sorelli, the translator of *Paradise Lost*, is preparing for the press a work under the title of 'My Confessions to Silvio Pellico,' in which he describes his residence at Florence and Switzerland, and his association with several eminent characters; and, finally, his residence for fifteen years in England."

ASSOCIATION OF GERMAN NATURALISTS.

Bonn, September 28.

The annual congress of the German Society 'Der Naturforscher und Aerzte,' has just closed. The proceedings of this body must necessarily excite an increasing interest, when its offspring, the British Association, has been growing to its present colossal dimensions, although the subjects and discussions at these Meetings are less comprehensive than at the Association, being confined to Natural History in its widest extent, Anatomy, and Chemistry. The results of both have been crowned with a success little expected by those who projected them. Professor Oken and Sir David Brewster are, no doubt, gratified and astonished at the work of their hands. This, the thirteenth meeting of the German Association, does not yield to any that have gone before in interest and magnitude. Compared, indeed, with that which you have lately described so copiously—the Dublin Congress—it is, undoubtedly, very inferior as to the numbers in attendance, and probably also in the value of the scientific business transacted; but it will not yield to it in eminent names. Amongst the distinguished men present, I may mention Berzelius, Von Buch, Elie de Beaumont, Forriess of Weimar, Frommsdorff, Omalius D'Halloy, Bonsdorff, Von Meyer, Von Heyden, Constant Prevost, Alex. and Adolphe Brongniart, Littrow, Soemmering, Prof. Audouin of Paris, Schmerling of Liege, Ritter the geographer, Jussieu, Ampère, Berthold, Walchner, Schlegel, Treviranus, Goldfuss, Link Prof. of Botany at Berlin, Prof. Weber of Göttingen, Thiersch, Dr. Ruppell, &c. There has been, also, a greater number of British members at Bonn than at any former meeting: Lord Adair, Prof. Buckland, Messrs. Lyell, Horner, Greenough, Gregory, Robert Brown, Prof. Turner, Prof. Johnstone, Messrs. Torrie, S. Smith, Westwood, Bateman, Gallo-way, Dr. Robertson, and many others.

The first general meeting was held on Friday the 18th, in the great room of the University, which was tastily fitted up with busts and flowers,

and graced by the attendance of many ladies; Dr. Harless, in the place of the President, who was unfortunately indisposed, delivered an Introductory Address. Several memoirs, of a general nature, were then read, including one upon the Natural History, &c. of Wallachia, by Dr. Meyer, of Bucharest, and another by Dr. Forriess, on Natural History as applicable to the Fine Arts. The meeting adjourned at two o'clock to the great Casino, or club-house, where about 400 members (including ladies) dined together, the dinner occupying from two till five o'clock.

The sectional meetings commenced on the 19th, and were of very variable interest. The majority of the Sections met at the Palace of Popplesdorff, about a quarter of a mile from the city, and now devoted to the Museum and the residences of the Professors. The Medical and Geological Sections were the most active. In the Chemical, the German "Pharmaciens" brought forward a considerable number of novelties, several of them relating to the analysis of new vegetable principles. In the Zoological and Botanical little of importance was transacted. The Geological was, as usual, the most popular. The question of elevated craters, relating to the much-disputed theory of Von Buch, was discussed at length, and somewhat hotly; the leading speakers being Elie de Beaumont, Lyell, C. Prevost, and Von Buch himself.

Very beautiful drawings of Etna and Vesuvius were exhibited and described by Dr. Abich, of Brunswick. Schmerling's discoveries in the bone caverns of Liege, Van Hoff on foot-marks in sandstones at Hildburghausen, Dr. Buckland on the Dinosaurium, and on the identification of certain beds south of Liege with the Silurian system of Murchison, were amongst the topics debated. Prof. Audouin gave an account of certain living crustacea, allied to the *trilobite*. Prof. Bonsdorff exhibited a kind of granite, in which, in addition to the three usual ingredients, there occurred, abundantly, a mineral called by the Russians "Lantholite."

On Monday and Wednesday, general meetings were again held; and Tuesday and Thursday were devoted to sectional business, and the meeting closed by a general meeting on Friday.

Several expeditions to the neighbouring mountains were made in the course of the week—to the Roderberg, to the Siebenbürgen, or Drachenfels; and on Saturday 25th, a party of fifty went to the beautiful mountain lake, the Laacher See; an accident, by which M. Von Buch and Mr. Buckland were thrown out of a carriage and hurt, (but not materially,) as well as a continuance of heavy rain, threw a gloom over this last expedition.

In comparing (which I am unavoidably led to do) the two great meetings in Bonn and Dublin, there are several points of contrast and of resemblance which occur to me. One of the most important distinctions, is the permanence of the British Association, and its being in possession of a standing fund for scientific purposes, whereas the Germanic body is created anew at each meeting. The value of a fund of this kind was exemplified here, where a subscription was set on foot to enable a philosopher in Saxony to continue his researches into the curious phenomenon of the granite overlying certain recent strata. The funds of the British Association have already done good service to science. M. Agassiz is at work on the Fossil Fishes of England, at the request and at the expense of the Association; large sums have been voted for the purposes of Astronomy and Meteorology, and for observations on the Tides. The regular publication of copious reports, is another important advantage of the British body.

The disposition to conviviality which you noticed in the account of the Dublin Congress was not wanting at Bonn; in this respect the family likeness is most striking: cutting and

drinking, and giving of toasts, were by no means the least important occupations of the day: and after all, is it not contrary to the nature of things to expect that many hundred men, even philosophers, should assemble, and should deny themselves the enjoyment of sitting together at the same social board? The last toast that was given at Bonn, was by Dr. Friess, of Weinmar, "The British Association, and its former President, Dr. Buckland," which was drunk with enthusiasm.

The next meeting of the Association is to be held at Jena, on the 18th of September 1836; the President to be Dr. Kieser, and the Secretary Dr. Döbereiner.

DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA Y COSIO.

This gentleman died on Sunday last at Paris. The biographical sketch which appeared with the announcement in a morning paper is, we suspect, wrong in almost every particular. Trueba could not properly be considered an emigrant. It is true, that, on the overthrow of the Constitutional party, his mother, a woman of fortune and a staunch liberal, left Spain, and for many years continued to reside at Paris; and Trueba himself came to England, where indeed he had been educated; but either might, we believe, have returned to Spain; and Trueba, we rather think, did once revisit it while Ferdinand was living. He, however, resided here from choice rather than necessity, and was enabled to do so on a very liberal allowance from his mother, (who has, we believe, considerable property in the English funds), and the profits of his literary labours. He was a remarkably good-tempered, amiable man;—and the fact that he wrote dramas in Spanish, French, and English, and that they were produced at the several national theatres with success, is proof that he was a man of talent. He also wrote 'The Castilian,' 'The Incognito,' 'Paris and London,' 'Salvador the Guerilla,' and other works, and was a contributor to many of the periodicals; but he did not write either 'Sandoval,' or 'Pedro of Peñafiel,' as stated in the paper referred to; the one being written by Mr. Llanos, and the other by Mr. Inglis. Trueba returned to Spain with his more distinguished countrymen early in 1824, and was soon after elected a member of the Chamber of Procuradores, and Secretary to one of the Committees.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE WINTER'S TALE; with MR. AND MRS. PRINGLE; and THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. On Monday, MACBETH; with TAM O'SHANTER; and MASANIELLO.

Tuesday, A new Operatic Drama, called CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS; in which will be performed the Airs in the Opera of PURITAN.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

A new comic burletta, in two acts, called 'The Mysterious Family,' and written by Mr. G. H. Rodwell, was played, for the first time, on Monday night, with unequivocal success. It is full of bustle, fun, joke, and all the usual provocatives to laughter upon such occasions; but it is too long, which even laughter, agreeable as it is, may easily be. We shall not detail the plot; but when the piece is curtailed and dove-tailed, it will doubtless be re-tailed nightly for many weeks to come.

'The London Carrier' is a melo-drama of rather a superior order. Mr. Fitzball has dropped the super, and come into the natural. Mrs. Keeley plays admirably in it; and Mr. O. Smith's personation of the cold-blooded murderer, who thinks nothing of human life when it gets between him and a pheasant, is fearfully true to nature, in one of her most frightful aspects. There was so little appearance of acting in what he did, that one had slight misgivings of security in the boxes, and did not feel perfectly safe until he was shot.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new burletta was acted here on Thursday, called 'The Two Queens.' It is attributed to Mr. Buckstone; but we are inclined to doubt its being his, for it is a translation, almost a literal throughout as the translation of the title, from 'Les deux Reines.' The French author may have had some slight foundation in fact for an anecdote, purporting to be historical, about Mary of Denmark and Christine of Sweden, which he has here dramatized; but he might have produced a piece quite as effective in a dramatic point of view, and yet have kept within the bounds of probability, which he has sadly outraged. Looking at it merely with reference to the stage, it is a slight but amusing piece enough; and being well acted, and put before the public as to dresses and general appointments in a manner which continues to distinguish this theatre from all other minors, it went pleasantly through, and appeared to give general satisfaction. We understand that in Paris the piece was thought little of, but that it had a great run on account of the beauty of the music. It seems a strange oversight that we should not have had a note of it here. The bills announced the overture and music to be composed by Mr. Tully; and the music consisted of a slight opening glee and a song—by Mr. Lover. Had we not happened to know the song, we must have been misled by the bills; this is hardly fair. Madame Vestris played with her usual sprightliness; Mr. Liston was in admirable cue, and made much of a little; Mr. J. Bland acted with great truth and nature, and Mrs. Hooper, who made her first appearance in the part of Christine of Sweden, disguised as a man, made, and justly, a most favourable impression on the audience. She was much applauded.

MISCELLANEA

Mr. John Mackay Wilson, the talented author of 'Tales of the Border,' and for several years Editor of the *Berwick Advertiser*, died at Berwick-upon-Tweed on Friday week. About a fortnight before this unfortunate result, Mr. Wilson burst a blood-vessel, and from that period gradually sunk under the effects of the accident, although his medical attendants and friends by no means imagined his end so near.—*Morning Herald.*

Projected Improvements and Embellishments in Paris.—We have already spoken of several embellishments which are in contemplation at Paris, and now find that they are on a much more extensive scale than was at first intended. A great many works are undertaken by the Government, and among them are Artesian wells, new buildings on the Quai d'Orsay and at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the College of France, the Pantheon, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, the Garden of Plants, the Place de la Bastille, the Madeleine, the Arc de l'Etoile, and the Quai de Billy. By the municipal council the following works have been undertaken:—immense sewers between the Rue St. Denis and the Place Vendôme, embankments of the Seine, the restoration of the Aqueduct of Arcueil, draining of marshes to the east of Paris, the construction of two prisons in the Rue de la Roquette, the repair of the façade of the Hôtel de Ville, and also the improvement and embellishment of several churches and bridges, and the formation of a wharf on the Quai de Grève. The Musée de la Marine at the Louvre is to be enlarged at the charge of the Civil List, and the pedestals to the statues in the garden of the Tuileries are also to be eased, from the same fund.

Obelisk of Luxor.—The Luxor obelisk is to be placed on a pedestal of dull red granite, from the quarries to the north-west of Finistère, in the bay of Laber-Ildest.

Aérolite.—M. Stas has found a metallic mass in a garden in Belgium, which appears to him

to be an aérolite. It was incrustated with the surrounding soil, and during the efforts made to extract it, broke into several pieces. The entire mass weighed about 68 pounds, and was of an irregular, lenticular form. Its exterior is smooth, and of a dirty ferruginous colour; the interior is beautifully crystallized. The isolated crystals are cubic, and dull, but if rubbed with a hard substance, are restored to brilliancy. It is tenacious, and at the same time very ductile; it may, however, be separated with a knife or a file.

Entomology.—M. Vallot, of Dijon, has communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, a paper on a new species of Tinea, the larva of which feeds on the flowers of the Vicia cracca, and which he consequently names Tinea craccella. The singular form of the mantle, covering the sheath in which the larva undergoes transformation, is the same as that observed by Reaumur and Geoffroy on the leaves of the oak; but, as the perfect insect is very different, M. Vallot supposes it to be a new species.

Tannin.—At the Monthyon meeting of the French Academy, Dr. Toulmouche presented a memoir, relative to the action which plants containing tannin have upon the neutralization of tartrate of antimony and potash, and on the consequences resulting from this action, which are entirely contrary to those already admitted.

A Prophet.—An individual, named Francheschino Colonna, residing at Sarteno (Corsica), has excited a good deal of attention there by pretending to the gift of prophecy. He has also promised, that, on the 8th of October, he would restore to life several persons who have been interred in a chapel near Sollacaro. It is still more strange, that there are many persons who seem thoroughly convinced that he would perform his promise.

List of New Books.—Key to Bonycastle's Algebra, new edit. corrected and greatly improved, by Samuel Maynard, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Gre's Dictionary of Chemistry, 4th edit. 8vo. 21s.—Bulwer's Student, 2nd edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Democracy in America, by M. de Tocqueville, Vol. II. 8vo. 12s.—Schlegel's Philosophy of History, translated by J. B. Robertson, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Leonardo da Vinci on Painting, with Life, by Browne, post 8vo. 10s.—Homage to Tagliani, 2mo. 1s. 6d.—Merry-hunt's Rambles, post 8vo. 4s.—Hampton on Moral Philosophy, 8vo. 8s.—Cook's Practical Anatomy of the Nerves, &c. &c. 7s.—New Year's Token, 1836, 6s.—Smeaton's Builders' Pocket Manual, 2nd edit. enlarged, 18mo. 5s.—The Bachelor's Holiday, 12mo. 5s.—Heinrich Stilling, Part II. 12mo. 6s.—The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual, by the Rev. W. Ellis, 1836, post 8vo. 15s.—Ellis's Memoirs of Mrs. Ellis, 12mo. 5s.—Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, by L. E. L. 1836, 4to. 21s.—A Mouth of Adventures, 18mo. 2s.—Alice Grant, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The Pulpit, Vol. XXVI. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Poetry of Life, by Sarah Stickney, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem, by Edward Hogg, M.D. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Gurney's Essay on Love to God, 8vo. 4th edit. 4s.—Jowett's Time and Temper, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Jennings's Landrage Annual for 1836, 'Andalusia,' 21s.; large paper, 2s. 12s.—6d.—Abbott's Reader, 2nd edit. 18mo. 3s.—Little Library, 'The Ocean,' 2nd edit. 4s.—Bateman's General Highway Act, 12mo. 3s.—The Harp of Canaan, or Flowers of Modern Fugitive Poetry, 2nd edit. 24mo. 4s. cloth; 5s. silk.—Reed's Narrative of a Six Months' Residence in a Convent, Preface, by Mrs. Henry Grey, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Affection's Gift for 1836, 2s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We have received a very long letter from Mr. Assistant Commissary General Thomson, complaining of our review of his work on 'Italy and Switzerland,' (see page 709). He sets out with the very sensible admission, that "it is natural for a writer who has met with severity, to think that he has met with injustice;" further, that "if we were to open our columns to complaints on this score, there would be no end of them." "This however," he continues, "like every other general rule has its exceptions," and of course, like every other writer, he considers his case the exception. We do not.

The publisher has succeeded in perfecting a set of the *Athenæum*, which may be had on application at the office, or through a bookseller. He is still willing to give one shilling each for Nos. 167, 168, 169, and to purchase the volumes for 1828, 1829. No. 20, the first of this year, is being reprinted, and will be ready in a few days.

ADVERTISEMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.
FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAW—SESSION 1835-36.

The Classes will meet, after the Vacation, on WEDNESDAY, the 14th of OCTOBER, when Professor KEY will deliver an introductory Lecture at two o'clock precisely.

Latin.... Thomas Hewitt Key, A.M.
Greek.... Henry Mahlen, A.M.
Hebrew.... H. Hurvitz, Esq.
Sanskrit.... F. Rosen, Ph. D.
Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic.... F. Falconer, A.M.
English and Rhetoric.... H. Hurvitz, Esq.
French Literature and Language.... F. Merlet, Esq.
Italian Language.... A. Panzer, L.L.D.
German Language.... Dr. Haasman.
Mathematics.... G. J. P. White, A.M.
Philosophy of the Mind and Logic.... The Rev. J. Hoppes, A.M.
Natural Philosophy and Astronomy.... The Rev. Wm. Ritchie, L.L.D.
Civil Engineering (to commence after Christmas).... Dr. Ritchie.
Chemistry.... Edward Turner, M.D.
Botany (to commence on the 1st of May).... John Linley, Ph. D.
Zoology (to commence on the 1st of Jan.).... R. E. Grant, M.D.
Geology (to commence early in Feb.).... Dr. Turner, Grant, and Linley.
Geography.... Captain Macanochie, R.N.
History.... The Rev. R. Vaughan, A.M.
English Law (to commence on the 2nd of Nov.).... W. G. Lunley, B.C.L.

The JUNIOR SCHOOL met on the 23rd of September. Prospectuses, and further particulars, may be obtained at the Office of the University; or at Mr. J. Taylor's, Bookseller, 20, Upper Gower-street.
G. J. P. WHITE,
Dean of the Faculty.
5th Aug. 1835. CHARLES ATKINSON, Secretary.

MECHANICS APPLIED TO THE ARTS.

PROFESSOR MOSELEY will DELIVER his INTRODUCTORY LECTURE on TUESDAY, the 12th inst., at three o'clock in the afternoon. Any Gentleman presenting his card will be admitted.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR DALE will DELIVER his INTRODUCTORY LECTURE on THURSDAY, the 14th inst., at two o'clock precisely. Cards of admission may be obtained at the Secretary's Office. W. OATES, M.A. Principal, King's College, London, Oct. 2.

ANY young Man of literary acquirements, who is desirous of visiting distant Parts of the Globe, but whose pecuniary circumstances do not admit of the usual outfit for such purposes, may hear of a favourable opportunity of gratifying his wishes by availing personally, or by letter (post paid), in Mr. West, Optician, Fleet-street.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

A MEMBER of the Apothecaries' Company, residing in the City, is desirous of meeting with a YOUTH as an APPRENTICE. The professional advantages he can offer him are great, and his domestic comforts will be studied.—Present One Hundred Guinea.—Direct (post paid) Mr. C. Clarke, Chemist, Lower Eaton-street, Piccadilly.

Sales by Auction.

VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS, By Messrs. SOUTHWICK and SON, at their Weekly Sale Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, on MONDAY, October 12, and five following Days; consisting of

WORKS in all DEPARTMENTS of LITERATURE. Among which are,
In Folio, Lodge's Portraits, 3 vols. mor.—Bryan and Tindal's England, ports, and mon. 5 vols. fies.—Dun's Dictionary to vol. Courcy's Cathedral—Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, 4 vols.—The Spectator Newspaper, No. 1 to 27—Museum Wordyuan—Holbein's Heads, by Bartolozzi.—Quarzo, Grand Architectural Monuments, 1 vol.—Bentley's Catalogue of Antiquities, 5 vols.—Jameson's Scottish Dictionary, 2 vols.—Scott's Border Antiquities, 2 vols.—Robson's British Herald, 2 vols.—Stanton's Oxfordshire—Barrington's Irish Union, 2 vols.—Butler's Mathematical Dictionary, 2 vols.—Also in 8vo. Biblia's Tour, 3 vols.—Rococo's Leo the Tenth, 4 vols.—Sir W. Scott's Novels, with Notes by the Author, 41 vols. calf.—Shakespeare, by Johnson and Steevens, 15 vols. mor.—Biographie Universelle, 52 vols.—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, three Series—Bell's Theatre, 58 vols. mor.—Holy Bible, with nearly 100 Illustrations, 10 vols. mor.—Smith's Wealth of Nations, by McCulloch, 4 vols.—Best Editions of the Works of Gibbon, Bume, Johnson, Robertson, Richardson, Byron, Burns, &c.—Together with a few Prints—Arrowsmith's Large Coloured Map, &c.
May be viewed, and Catalogues (price 1s.) had at the Rooms.

On TUESDAY, October 20, The ENTIRE STOCK of THE GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

Edited by W. PINNOCK:

Consisting of the Remaining Copies, the Miscellaneous Numbers, the Stereotype Plates, Wood Engravings, and Copyright.
Specimens may be seen, and Catalogues had at the Rooms.
5s. Money advanced on Books, and Valuations of every Description of Property made for the Payment of the Probate Duty, &c.
Weekly Sale Rooms, 22, Fleet-street.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XXXI., will be published on the 22nd October.—ADVERTISEMENTS will be received till the 17th, and BILLS till the 12th, by Messrs. Richter and Co., 20, Soho-square, and Messrs. Black and Armstrong, 2, Finsbury-lane, Covent-garden.

ASEASONABLE PRESENT FOR YOUNG PERSONS.

REV. H. SOAMES'S ABRIDGMENT of the HISTORY of the REFORMATION of the CHURCH of ENGLAND.
Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place, J. G. Mail.

DIFFUSION OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

'PELHAM,' IN SHILLING NUMBERS!!!

This day is published, price only One Shilling, with fine Portrait,

No. I.

(The entire Work to be comprised in Six Numbers, and regularly published every Saturday, illustrated with fine Portrait of the Author, and three other Engravings by Finden,) of

MR. BULWER'S 'PELHAM;'

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A GENTLEMAN.

BEING THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE NEW ISSUE OF

COLBURN'S MODERN NOVELISTS;

A Collection of the Best Works of Fiction of the most distinguished Living Writers, including those of Bulwer, Hook, Marryat, Ward, Gleig, Horace Smith, James, Croly, Grattan, Lord Mulgrave, Lady Morgan, Lady Byron, &c. &c. the Copyrights of which are the exclusive property of Mr. Colburn.

For a Number of the present Series, price One Shilling, will be regularly published every SATURDAY, and each Novel will, without any exception, be considered in SIX NUMBERS. All the Works will be illustrated with fine Engravings by Finden and other eminent Artists, and include New Prefaces, Notes, and Corrections, expressly made for the above Cheap Edition, by their respective Authors.

London: Published for HENRY COLBURN, by R. Bentley. Sold by all Booksellers. Agents for Scotland: Messrs. Bell and Bradburn, Edinburgh; for Ireland, John Cumming, Dublin.

EUROPEAN LIFE INSURANCE and ANNUITY COMPANY'S OFFICE, No. 10, CHATHAM PLACE, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, October, 1835.

Notice is hereby given, that the DIVIDENDS to PROPRIETORS for the Half-year ending the 30th day of JUNE, at the rate of 51 per cent. per annum, are now payable at the Company's Office, from Ten till Three o'clock, daily.

This Company continues to effect LIFE INSURANCES at reduced premiums, which may be paid Quarterly, Half-yearly, or Annually, at the option of the Insured; to grant Annuities on single or joint Lives; and to advance Money on Annuities secured on Freehold, Copyhold, or long Leasehold Property, or on Money in the Funds.

The Assured with this Company participate periodically in the profits.

The Bonus declared on the 3d of July, 1831, attaches to all Policies effected on or before the 31st day of December, 1827.

DAVID FOGGO, Secretary.

PROTECTOR FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, No. 35, Old Jewry, London; Regent-street, corner of Jersey-street, Westminster; and Wellington-street, Southwark.

CAPITAL, £5,000,000.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

that Insurances, which expired at Michaelmas, should be renewed within fifteen days thereafter, or they will become void. Receipts for such Renewals are now ready at the above Offices, and with the respective Agents to the Company throughout the United Kingdom.

WILHELM HARRIS, Secretary.

This day is published, price 6d.

LE CAMELEON, Part XIII. Vols. I. and II. may be had, neatly bound in cloth, price 6s. each.

The Proprietors of this Paper being desirous to extend its circulation through Germany, Italy, &c. (it having been edited till now for this country only) will admit a respectable and able person as a third Partner in the undertaking.

'Le Caméleon' is the only French Weekly Publication that has proved successful in England, where it has attained its second year.

For particulars apply to H. Hooper, 13, Pall Mall East, London; or in Paris, to A. P. Barbès, Rue des Trois Frères, No. 19, Chaussee d'Antin.

ANNUALS FOR 1836.

Published by Edward Charton, 25, Holles-street.

THE ORIENTAL ANNUAL.

By the Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D.

With 22 Illustrations, from Drawings by W. Daniell, Esq. R.A.

Elegantly bound in Morocco, price 14s.

THE ENGLISH ANNUAL.

Containing Contributions by most of the first Authors of the day.

EMBEDDED WITH SIXTEEN ENGRAVINGS.

From Paintings by Sir Th. Lawrence, P.R.A., W. Daniell, R.A., Mr. J. Robertson, J. G. Middleton, R. Culen,

G. Stewart, and Conway.

In 1 vol. demy 8vo. superbly bound in Morocco, price 15s.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL ANNUAL,

AND UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER.

With 100 Steel Engravings, beautifully coloured.

In Morocco, price 14s.

MR. MITFORD'S HISTORY OF GREECE,

Complete in 10 volumes, to be published Monthly, containing the whole of the Author's last Additions and Corrections.

This day is published, in fols. cap. price 6s. in cloth boards.

Volume the Third of

THE HISTORY OF GREECE, from the

Earliest Period to the Death of Alexander the Great.

By WILLIAM MITFORD, Esq.

To which is prefixed, A brief Memoir of the Author, by his

Brother, Lord REDES-DALE.

Printed for T. Cadell, Strand; and W. Blackwood and Sons,

Edinburgh. Of whom may be had,

The same Work, elegantly printed in Eight

Volumes, demy 8vo. price 44s. in boards.

Just published, in demy 8vo. price 14s. boards, with a Portrait

and six Plates.

THE LIFE OF ADMIRAL

VISCOUNT EXMOUTH;

Drawn up from Official and other Authentic Documents,

supplied by his Family and Friends. By F. OSLER, Esq.

"A book full of interesting anecdotes of a noble specimen of English character."—Times.

"The subject of this volume is one of unusual interest;—it is altogether one of the most interesting pieces of Biography we have ever read."—Observer.

"This is the most interesting Naval Memoir since the 'Life of Nelson.' It is a book which no blue-jacket ought to be without."—United Service Gazette.

Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

ELEGANT CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

In the press, and will be published at the end of October, price 6s. 6d. extra cloth; 10s. 6d. silk; 12s. white vellum.

CRUCIAN. Illustrations of the most striking Aspects under which the CROSS of CHRIST, and Symbols derived from it, have been contemplated by Picty, Sarcophagi, Imagination, and Taste.

Enriched with numerous Wood Engravings.

Liverpool: Printed and published by D. Marples and Co.; Hamilton, Adams, and Co. London.

WORKS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

Recently published, by Whitaker and Co. Ave Maria-lane, London.

Now complete, in 16 vols. illustrated by upwards of 500 Engravings by Landseer, Basire, and other Engravers, price, in extra cloth boards, in demy 8vo. 26s. 6s.; royal 8vo. 35s. 12s.; royal 8vo. coloured, 51s. 12s.; demy 8vo. India proofs, 52s. 10s.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

described and arranged in conformity with its Organization, by the late Baron CUVIER. Translated, with large Additions, by E. GRIFFITH, F.R.S., Lieut.-Col. C. HAMILTON SMITH, F.R.S., E. RIDGEON, J. EDWARD GRAY, F.R.S., and others.

This elaborate and comprehensive subject is divided into Classes, each of which may be had separately.

The Class MAMMALIA, in 5 vols.

—AVES, in 3 vols.

—REPTILIA, in 1 vol.

—INSECTA, in 3 vols.

—MOLLUSCA, in 1 vol.

—ANNELIDA, &c. in 1 vol.

—PISCES, in 1 vol.

—THE FOSSIL REMAINS, in 1 vol.

A CLASSIFIED INDEX, 1 vol.

Prospectuses of the various Editions may be had of the Publishers, and of all Booksellers.

"The outline sketch by Baron Cuvier has been admirably filled up in this splendid work. The whole of the Baron's *Revue Annuale* has been translated, with a vast addition of supplementary matter, including full descriptions of all the species, calculated to render the work not merely useful to the naturalist, as a book of pure science, but also interesting to the public at large, as a general zoological biography, and ornamental as containing original and well-executed illustrations."—Times.

In 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cloth lettered.

The Feathered Tribes of the British Islands.

By Robert MUIR. Embellished by numerous Portraits of Birds, carefully drawn and coloured by the best artists, from real specimens in their natural plumage; and, also, by various Engravings on Wood, illustrative of some of the more remarkable points in the natural history of birds.

Also, by Mr. Muir, in a pocket vol. price 6s.

First Lines of Zoology.

"The most entertaining little volume we have seen for some time; and no young persons should now visit the Zoological Gardens without having read the 'First Lines of Zoology.'"—New Monthly Magazine.

4.

The Sea-Side Companion; or, Marine Natural History.

By Miss Roberts. Fols. cap. 8vo. illustrated by numerous Wood cuts by Huxley, 6s. 6d. cloth lettered.

"This is an excellent book for the youthful and inquisitive, placing before them, in the most popular and agreeable form, the interesting facts of natural history, connected with marine productions, zoophytes, sponges, corals, and the like. It is full of instruction and amusement."—Literary Gazette.

5.

Also, by the same Author, The Conchologist's Companion. Fols. cap. 8vo. with several superior Wood Engravings. The 2nd edition, 6s. 6d. cloth lettered.

"This is, in every sense of the word, an exquisite little volume."—New Monthly Mag.

And,

6.

The Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom

Displayed. 12mo. 6s. cloth lettered.

7.

In small 8vo. a new edition, with 18 superior Engravings, by Brannon, price 6s. 6d. cloth lettered.

The Natural History of Selborne. By the late Rev. Gilbert White, M.A. With Additions by Sir William Jardine.

"A work which men of science, as well as general readers, agree in considering one of the most delightful books ever written."—New Monthly Mag.

8.

In 3 vols. 18mo. 10s. 6d. large paper, 12s.

The Book of Butterflies, Moths, and Spingies.

By Captain Thomas Brown, F.R.S. F.L.S.

"This is a delightful work, with no fewer than 144 engravings coloured after nature."—Literary Gazette.

TO MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS.

Now ready, in 1 thick vol. 8vo. 14s. boards.
A TREATISE ON THE FUNCTIONAL and STRUCTURAL CHANGES OF THE LIVER in the Progress of Disease; and on the Agency of Hepatic Derangement in producing other Disorders. With numerous Cases, exhibiting the Invasion, Symptoms, Progress, and Treatment of Hepatic Disease in India.
 By W. E. E. CONWELL, Surgeon of the Madras Establishment, Docteur en Médecine de la Faculté à Paris, &c.
 London: James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row.

MEDICAL WORKS PUBLISHED BY MR. MURRAY.

CHEMICAL MANIPULATION; being Instructions to Students in Chemistry on the Methods of Performing Experiments of Demonstration or of Research, with accuracy and success. 8vo. 18s.
 By Professor FARADAY, F.R.S. F.G.S. R.M.I.

Tables in Illustration of the Theory of Definite Proportions, showing the Prime Equivalent Numbers of the Elementary Substances, and the Volumes and Weights in which they combine; compiled for the use of Chemists, Students and Manufacturers. 8vo. 6s. 6d. By W. T. Brande, F.R.S.

Popular Essays on some of the most important Diseases. Second edition, post 8vo. 6s. 6d. By Sir Henry Hallford, Bart. M.D. G.C.H. President of the College of Physicians.

On the most important Diseases peculiar to Women. Third Edition, 8vo. 12s. By the late Dr. Goode.

Elements of Chemistry familiarly explained. Illustrated with 100 Woodcuts, 1 pocket vol. 6s.

HOBLYN'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

This day is published,
A DICTIONARY OF TERMS used in MEDICINE, and the COLLATERAL SCIENCES; a MANUAL for the USE of STUDENTS; containing the Etymology and Meaning, Nomenclature, Classifications of Nosology, Materia Medica, Poisons and their Antidotes, Analyses of Mineral Waters, an Account of Cancers, &c.; Tabular Sketches of Chemistry, Medical Botany, and Zoology.
 By RICHARD D. HOBLYN, A.M. late of Balliol Coll. Oxford.
 The size of the volume is small 8vo. price 9s.; and the object is to give the greatest possible information in the smallest compass, being intended expressly for the use of the Student and the young Practitioner.
 "A work much wanted, and very able executed."—*London Medical Journal*, Sept. 1853.

"This copious volume is well adapted for the use of students. It contains a complete Glossary of the terms used in Medicine—not only those in common use, but also the more recent and less familiar names introduced by modern writers. The introduction of tabular views of different subjects is at once comprehensive and satisfactory. It must not, however, be supposed that the volume is a mere word-book; it is, on the contrary, an extremely interesting manual, beautifully printed, containing much excellent matter in a little space, and is deserving of our strong recommendation."—*Medical Gazette*, Sept. 1853.
 Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster-row, London.

THE SURGEON'S VADE-MECUM.

This day is published,
THE LONDON SURGICAL POCKET-BOOK, founded on the popular Lectures and Works of the late MR. ABERNETHY, SIR ASTLEY COOPER, MR. LAWRENCE, and other distinguished Surgeons; sub-divided in the order of Cases, morbid, Surgical, and Medical Treatment—Diagnoses, Prognoses, Modes of Operation, and other Agents employed in Hospital and Private Practice, including an adapted Pharmacopœia; with connected intermediate practical Questions and Answers, preparatory to Examination before the Royal College of Surgeons; Anatomical Notes, References, Glossary, &c. for the convenience of the Junior Branches of the Profession, Students, &c. &c. Price 12s. bound and lettered.

Also,
 1. The LONDON MEDICAL, PHARMACEUTICAL, and POSOLOGICAL POCKET-BOOK; being a Manual of the Practice of Physic, with an adapted Synopsis of Prescriptions, in Medicine, Surgery, and Midwifery. Price ss. bound and lettered.

2. PARKINSON'S NEW LONDON CHEMICAL POCKET-BOOK; being a Compendium of PRACTICAL and PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTRY, adapted to the Daily Use of the Student. By JOHN BARNES, Surgeon. Price 7s. 6d. Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster-row.

NEW MEDICAL WORKS,

Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. London.
HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.
 By JOHN ELLIOTSON, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S.
 With which is incorporated much of the Elementary Part of the INSTITUTIONS PHYSIOLOGICÆ of J. F. BLUMENBACH, Professor in the University of Göttingen.
 5th edit. 8vo. with numerous Woodcuts. Part I. 10s. 6d.
 "The remaining Part will appear shortly."

2.
 Elements of Surgery. By Robert Liston, Surgeon to the North London Hospital. 1 thick vol. 8vo. 27s.
 The Three Parts may still be had separately, price 9s. each.

3.
 Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics; including the recent Discoveries and Analyses of Medicines. By A. Todd Thomson, M.D. F.R.S. &c. Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics, and of Medical Jurisprudence, in the University of London. 1 vol. 8vo. 21s.
 By the same Author.

A Conspectus of the Pharmacopœias of the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Colleges of Physicians; being a Practical Compendium of Materia Medica and Pharmacy. 9th edition, 5s. 6d.

4.
 Principles of Midwifery; including the Diseases of Women and Children. By John Burns, M.D. Regius Professor of Surgery, Glasgow. 8vo. 8th edition, with important Additions, 16s.

DR. PARIS'S PHARMACOLOGIA.

This day is published, a New Edition, being the Fifth, very considerably improved, and closely printed in One Volume Octavo, price 16s. 6d.

P H A R M A C O L O G I A ; or, HISTORY OF MEDICAL SUBSTANCES; with a view to establishing the Art of Prescribing, and of Composing Extemporaneous Formule, upon Fixed and Scientific Principles.
 By J. A. PARIS, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S. F.S.A.
 Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London, Fellow of the Philosophical Society of Cambridge, and of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh.

"The Publishers much pleasure in offering this new edition of DR. PARIS'S PHARMACOLOGIA to the public. It is now so printed as to form one handsome volume in octavo, instead of two, and contains much new and valuable matter, derived from the recent discoveries of Dr. Paris in Pharmacological and Chemical Science; and such additional observations respecting the powers of simple and combined remedies as the extended experience of the Doctor has enabled him to collect.
 Printed for Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster-row.

NEW EDITION OF DR. GREGORY'S PRACTICE OF MEDICINE.

Lately published, in a thick 8vo. volume, the 4th edition, revised, altered, and enlarged.

ELEMENTS OF THE THEORY and PRACTICE OF MEDICINE; designed for the Use of Students and Junior Practitioners.
 By GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.
 Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians in London; Physician to the Small-Pox and Vaccination Hospital; and Consulting Physician to the St. George's and St. James's General Dispensary.

4th edition, enlarged, revised, and much improved.
 London: Baldwin and Craddock, Paternoster-row.

BELL'S SURGICAL and ANATOMICAL WORKS.

ANATOMY and PHYSIOLOGY OF THE HUMAN BODY.

By JOHN and CHARLES BELL, 7th edit. corrected by SIR CHARLES BELL, F.R.S. L. & E.
 3 vols. 8vo. with numerous Engravings, 2l. 12s. 6d.

2.
 By SIR CHARLES BELL.
 Engravings of the Arteries. 8vo. 15s.; colored, 21s.

3.
 Illustrations of Operations in Surgery—Tropen, Hernia, Amputation, Aneurism, and Lithotomy. 4to. with 20 Plates, 3l. 15s.; 3l. 5s. colored.

4.
 On Diseases of the Urethra, Rectum, &c. 13s. 6d.
 London: Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co.; and T. Cadell.

NEW MEDICAL WORKS,

Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co. London.

THE STUDY OF MEDICINE.

4th edit. improved from the Author's MSS. and by reference to the latest advances in Physiology, Pathology, and Practice.

By SAMUEL COOPER, Professor of Surgery in the London University.

"The 'Study of Medicine' is brought up to the highest standard of the present day, and as a work of reference, at once systematic and comprehensive, has no rival in medical literature."—*Med. Gaz.*

2.
 Dictionary of Practical Medicine. By J. Copland, M.D. F.R.S. &c. 8vo. Parts I. II. and III. price 9s. each. To form one thick volume, uniform with 'Cooper's Surgical Dictionary.'

"Part IV. will be published in the course of the present season."

"This is the most learned, comprehensive, and valuable Medical Dictionary in our language."—*Med. and Surg. Journ.*

"The work is a miracle of industry, and forms a fitting companion to the justly popular Surgical Dictionary of Mr. Cooper."—*Medical Gazette.*

Lectures on Diseases of the Lungs and Heart. Delivered at the London Hospital, by Thomas Davies, M.D. Member, Roy. Coll. Phys. &c. 8vo. 12s.

4.
 A Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Eye. By William Mackenzie, M.D. Lecturer on the Eye in the University of Glasgow. 2nd edition, in a thick vol. 8vo. with Copper-plates, and above 100 Woodcuts, 25s.

LONDON MEDICAL GAZETTE.

The First Number of Vol. I. for the Session 1853-6, (published this day,) contains the First of a Course of Lectures on Materia Medica, by Mr. Pereira (illustrated with Woodcuts)—A Clinical Lecture, by Sir B. Brodie, on Diseases of the Rectum—Communications, by Mr. Tuzo, Mr. Cooke, of Coventry, and various other Correspondents—Review of Leabday's Surgical Poetics, containing observations on the System of Electing Officers in the Hospitals of the Metropolis—Comparative Expenses in different Establishments—and other points important for the Student.

Published every SATURDAY MORNING, by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

5.
 This day is published, in 8vo. price 10s. 6d. boards,
SERMONS. By W. E. TRENCHARD, M.A. Of Pembroke College, Oxford; and late Curate of West Monkton, Somerset.

London: Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place; W. C. Pollard, Exeter; and sold by all Booksellers.

In 8vo. price 7s. boards, a new edition of
A COURSE OF LECTURES on the FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURE, and the Interpretation of it from the Scripture itself. Delivered in the Parish Church of Nayland, in Suffolk, in 1765. To which are added, Four Lectures on the Relation between the Old and New Testaments, as it is set forth in the Epistle to the Hebrews. By the late Rev. WILLIAM JONES, M.A. F.R.S. Minister of Nayland, Suffolk.

Printed for J. G. and F. Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,
 Letters from a Tutor to his Pupils, on Literary and Moral Subjects. 12mo. 3s. boards.

THE SACRED CLASSICS, Vol. XXII.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST, by JEREMY TAYLOR, D.D., published Thursday, Oct. 1st. Price 2s. With a Portrait. Vols. I. to XXI. may be had separately, price 3s. 6d. Hatchard and Son, Whitaker and Co., and Simpkin and Marshall, London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Cumming, Dublin.

In 18mo. price 1s.

OUTLINES OF ENGLISH HISTORY;

comprising copious Notices of the Manners, Arts, Customs, &c. of the different Periods. With superior Engravings, and a Map of the Saxon Heptarchy, on a new plan.

By HENRY INCE, M.A.
 Head Master and Mathematical Tutor at the Bedford Grammar School, Walsworth.

De Porquet and Cooper, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden; and may be had of all Booksellers.

M. ARAGO ON COMETS.

In a neat pocket volume, price 4s. cloth, with a Representation of the Orbit of the Comet of 1822.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES OF COMETS in

GENERAL, and in particular of the COMET of 1822, whose revolution is of six years and three quarters' duration; and the different Visits of Halley's Great Comet.

Translated from the French of M. ARAGO, by Colonel CHARLES GUTHRIE, C.B.

London: Baldwin and Craddock, Paternoster-row.

This day is published, in 1 vol. post 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

LETTERS from BRUSSELS,

In the Summer of 1832.

By Mrs. ARTHUR THOROLD.

London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

SECOND EDITION.

This day is published, in fcp. 8vo. 8s. the 2nd edit. of

THE FUGGES in ENGLAND;

Being a Sequel to the Fudge Family in Paris.

By THOMAS HALL, the Younger, &c.

Author of the 'Twopenny Post Bag,' &c. &c.
 London: Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co.

This day is published, in 8vo. price 6s. 6d.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LEGISLATION.

An Essay, by ALEXANDER MUNDELL, Esq.

Intended chiefly for Members of the Legislature, who will find therein the leading facts and principles of most of the subjects of importance which have come under discussion in Parliament in the last twenty years.

London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

TILT'S SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

This day is published, in a handsome folio 8vo. volume, price 3s. neatly bound in cloth; or 12s. handsomely bound in Morocco.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Beautifully printed and illustrated with Twelfth Line Engravings by eminent Artists.

LIST OF THE PLATES.

1. Engraved Title Page.....Thomas Moore.

2. Hall at Branksome.....J. H. Nixon.

3. Anne, Duchess of Monmouth.....Sir G. Kneeller.

4. The Lodge in her old days.....J. H. Nixon.

5. The Minstrel before the Duchess.....J. Landseer.

6. Melrose Abbey.....G. Barrett.

7. Lord Cranston and the Golden Page.....J. H. Nixon.

8. Margaret and Lord Augustus.....A. E. Chalmers, R.A.

9. Wat Tindin and the Page.....J. W. Wright.

10. Branksome Tower.....C. J. Fielding.

11. Margaret and Lord Augustus.....J. H. Hart.

12. The Lady Geraldine.....J. W. Wright.

13. Roslin Castle.....J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Charles Tilt, 85, Fleet-street.

Now publishing, in Monthly Parts, price only 1s. each.

THE NAPOLEON GALLERY; or, Illustrations of the Life and Travels of the Emperor of France.

Engraved from the most celebrated Pictures produced in France during the last forty years. To be completed in Sixteen Parts, each containing Six Plates, with Descriptions, forming a complete pictorial history of this celebrated man.

Charles Tilt, 85, Fleet-street.

In a few days.

THE COMIC ALMANACK for 1856.

Twelve Plates by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Persons wishing for early copies are requested to forward their orders to their respective Booksellers immediately.

Charles Tilt, 85, Fleet-street.

RETZSCH'S CELEBRATED ETCHINGS.

SHAKSPEARE, GOETHE, and SCHILLER, illustrated in a Series of Sixty-seven Plates.

By MORITZ RETZSCH.

With Descriptions of each Subject.

This elegant little volume is neatly bound in cloth, gilt edges, and contains careful copies of the celebrated Etchings of Moritz Retzsch, illustrating Shakspeare's 'Hamlet,' Goethe's 'Faust,' and Schiller's 'Fridolino,' and 'The Fight of the Dragon,' Price 10s. 6d.

Charles Tilt, 85, Fleet-street.

CURIOUS and USEFUL LITTLE WORK FOR A PRESENT.

This day is published.

SHARPE'S DIAMOND DICTIONARY

OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. With Forty-five Decorations from the Works of Shakspeare.

Containing every word of importance in the language, in a volume of the smallest size, executed in a style of clearness, elegance, and beauty, perfectly unrivalled. Price 3s. 6d. bound in cloth, gilt edges; 4s. silk, or embossed roan; 6s. Morocco, with flexible back.

Charles Tilt, 85, Fleet-street.

This day is published, 2s. 6d. the Tenth Part of

FINDEN'S BYRON BEAUTIES;

or, the principal Female Characters of Lord Byron's Poems, engraved from Original Paintings by the Artists; containing

1. Medora.....Messieurs.

2. Beatrice.....Miss F. Wright.

3. Olympia.....Miss F. Corbush.

Proofs, royal 4to. 4s.; India proofs, 5s. The Plates also sold separately, 6s. each.

Charles Tilt, 85, Fleet-street.

This day is published, Part VII. price 1s. 6d.
WANDERINGS THROUGH NORTH WALES, by THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq., embellished with fine Plates of the *Worms Castle*, the *Tripartite Monument*, and *Leiningdale Falls*. The literary portion comprises accounts of *Corwen*, *Cernigoe*, *Dolwyddelan*, *Bettws-y-Coed*, *Rhuddery-Wenol*, &c. &c.
 C. Tilt, and Simpkin and Co. London: sold by all Booksellers.

This day is published, Part V. price 1s. 6d. to be completed in Ten Monthly Parts.
WALKER'S CRITICAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY, entirely remodelled, and adapted to the present State of Literature and Science; to which will be added Walker's Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture Proper Names.
 By R. H. SMART.
 Printed for T. Cadell, Strand; and the other Proprietors.

Just published, New and Enlarged Edition, post 8vo. price 7s. 6d., with beautiful Wood-cut Vignettes by BAXTER, in cloth; also handsomely bound in Turkey Morocco, with gilt edges, price 12s.
THE BOOK OF FAMILY WORSHIP, consisting of a Four Weeks' Course of Prayer, and Prayers suitable to the Festivals of the Church, and other solemn occasions; together with general Prayers for the Church, King, Clergy, Wives, Husbands, Children, Friends, &c., and General Benedictions.
 By the Editor of the "Sacred Harp," &c.
 To which are added, Jeremy Taylor's Sacramental Meditations and Prayers.
 Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria-lane.

Price 4s.
THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN REVIEW; or, EUROPEAN QUARTERLY JOURNAL, No. 2, is published THIS DAY.
 *No. 3 will be published in January next.
 James Ridgway and Sons; Galvani, Paris; and every Bookeller in the United Kingdom.

Just published, price 5s. the 2nd edition, of the
ORIGINAL FRENCH PRONOUNCING BOOK; a New and Infallible Method of Learning and Teaching a correct Pronunciation of the French Language. Increased of a fifth part. With an Appendix of numerous Reviews from the public press.
 By LUCIEN DE RUDELLE, A.B.
 London: Dolan and Co.; Adam and Hamilton; Hales; Smith, Elder, and Co.; Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. Liverpool: W. Gargel. Leicester: Combe; A. Cockshaw.

Albemarle-street, Oct. 1835.
BOSWELL'S JOHNSTON.
 The Eighth Volume of Mr. Murray's complete and improved Edition of
BOSWELL'S LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON
 with the BEST NOTES of the BEST EDITORS, and two Views, price 5s. bound.
 Also,
 Graphic Illustrations of the Life and Times of Dr. Johnson. Part I, with Six Plates, super-royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.

GREEK LITERATURE.
 This day is published, by Thomas Clark, 23, George-street, Edinburgh: London, Simpkin and Co.; Whittaker and Co.; Richter and Co.; Black and Armstrong; Dublin, Milliken and Son; Curry and Co.

THE HISTORY OF HERODOTUS OF HALICARNASSUS, with Prolegomena, Notes, and Editions, by ALEXANDER NEGRI. 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. price 10s. bound in cloth.
 "This new edition of the Father of History, by a Greek, is very neatly printed, and also exceedingly correct."—*Quarterly Journal of Education*.

2. The Works of Pindar; with various Readings, Notes, and Emendations, by Alexander Negri. Price 10s. 6d. bound in cloth.
 3. Xenophon's Anabasis, School Edition; with English Notes and various Readings, by Alexander Negri. Price 3s. 6d. sewed, without the Notes; 4s. sewed, with the Notes; 4s. 6d. bound in cloth.
 "These Works have been carefully collated with the most approved Editions which have heretofore been published."

4. The Student's Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts, Nos. 1 to 9.
 5. The Cabinet Library of Scarce and Celebrated Tracts, Nos. 1 and 2, price 1s. 6d. each.

ROAD-MAKING.
 Just published, under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, price only 6d.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE on the best Mode of REPAIRING ROADS; with some Observations on the present System. By CHARLES PENFOLD, Surveyor.
 "This Treatise forms No. 77 of the Farmer's Series of the Library of Useful Knowledge, of which the preceding Numbers comprise—

1. The Horse, in Fifteen Numbers; or cloth boards, 8s. 6d.
2. Cultivation of Select Farms, Seven Numbers, price 6d. each.
3. On Planting Timber and Ornamental Trees, five Numbers, ditto.
4. The Mountain Shepherd's Manual, One Number, price 6d.
5. Administration of the Poor Laws, One Number, 6d.
6. British Cattle, Nineteen Numbers; or in boards, 10s. 6d.
7. Sheep, Five Numbers, to be completed in about Fifteen, 6d. each.
8. British Husbandry, Twenty-three Numbers, to be completed in about Thirty, comprising Two Volumes. The First Volume forms No. 77 of the Farmer's Series of the Library of Useful Knowledge, price 3s. 6d. London: Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster-row.

Just published,
MRS. LEE'S NEW WORK, ENTITLED STORIES OF STRANGE LANDS.
 1 vol. 8vo. price 15s.; illustrated by Zinographic Plates from original Drawings.
 Edward Mosson, Dover-street.

NEW WORKS,
 Recently published by Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria-lane.
TRAVELS, ETC.

In 2 vols. post 8vo. with a Map and View of Algiers, price 21s. cloth.
ALGIERS, with Notices of the Neighbouring STATES of BARRARY.
 By PERCEVAL BARTON LOHD, M.D. M.R.C.S., of the Boulay Medical Establishment.

"This is a work of great merit, compiled from a variety of sources with diligence, care, and a high degree of elegance. His account of the Moors, once so interesting a people, will be read with close attention."—*Both Guardian*.

In 2 vols. 8vo. price 21s. cloth, the 3rd edition.
Ireland in 1835. By H. D. Inglis, Author of "Spain in 1830," &c.

"Written in an honest and impartial spirit."—*Edin. Review*.
 "Drawn by a careful and impartial man."—*Times*.
 "He would refer to a passage in a recent work on Ireland, by Mr. Inglis, which, he believed, was regarded by both sides as impartial."—*Lord Stanley's Speech in the House of Commons*, 2nd April.
 Also, by Mr. Inglis. New edition, post 8vo. with a Map, price 9s. 6d.

A Personal Narrative of a Tour through Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.
 "This volume contains an animated description of the magnificent scenery of Norway."—*Lit. Gazette*. And,
 In 2 vols. 8vo. price 7s. cloth.

A Journey through the Northern Provinces of France, the Pyrenees, and Switzerland.
 "The countries described in these volumes are rarely visited by ordinary tourists, and they are portrayed with all that graphic energy which so peculiarly distinguishes the author's writings."—*Sunday Times*.

The 2nd edition, royal 8vo. price 6s. cloth.
My Ten Years' Imprisonment in Italian and Austrian Dungeons. By Silvio Pellico. Translated by Thomas Roscoe.

In 1 vol. fcap. 8vo. illustrated by a View of the Poet's Cottage, and other Engravings, in cloth, price 7s.
The Rural Muse. Poems, by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, Author of "The Village Minstrel," "The Shepherd's Calendar," &c.

"It is with heartfelt pleasure that we take up a new volume of poems by John Clare. We rejoice to find that his muse has been with him during his long retirement—that his age and infirmities have not abated under the influence of time—and that although he says 'ill health has almost rendered me incapable of doing anything,' it has not in any degree weakened his mental powers or dulled his genius."—*Blackwood's Mag.*

In 8vo. with 16 Engravings, price 12s. cloth lettered.
A History and Description of Modern Wines.
 By Cyrus Redding.
 "For research, arrangement, and statistics, it ought to be in the hands of every lover of the vineyard and of pure wine."—*United Service Gazette*.

In 2 vols. 12mo. illustrated by Engravings and Wood-cuts, price 7s. cloth.
Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea. A Continuation of two volumes already published in "Constable's Miscellany." By Cyrus Redding, Esq.

"Two volumes of considerable interest, not only for their narrations of hardship, endurance, difficulties surmounted, and hair-breadth escapes, but for the quiet style of the often historians, or still better, the honest simplicity of the sufferers themselves."—*The Spectator*.

A new edition, with several illustrations, from Drawings by Seckley. 2 vols. post 8vo. price 21s.
The Naval Sketch-Book. Second Series. By Capt. Giesbreck, R.N. Author of "Tales of a Tor," &c.
 "All his books have been excellent, but his last is best of all." "I call him a Sea-Sunlight."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

In 2 large vols. 8vo. 30s.
The History of Italy; from the Fall of the Western Empire to the Commencement of the French Revolution. By George Perrenet, Esq.
 "For the elegance of its style, the generous tone of its sentiments, this work is certainly a valuable acquisition to our historical literature."—*Monthly Review*.

In 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.
The Abbess; a Romance. By Mrs. Trollope.
 "Unquestionably some of the chapters of the 'Abbess' equal any thing in the language for liveliness and truth."—*Athenæum*.
 "A very extraordinary book."—*John Bull*.

Also, by the same Author,
The Domestic Manners of the Americans.
 4th edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. with 21 Plates, 21s.

In 2 vols. 8vo. the 2nd edit. with Additions, price 18s. cloth bds.
Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine. By R. R. Madden, M.D.

In 5 vols. post 8vo. price 21. 6s. half Morocco.
Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery. By Mary Russell Mitford.

"Miss Mitford's elegant volumes are just in unison with the time; a gallery of pictures—landscapes, fresh, glowing, and entirely English."—*Lit. Gazette*.

The 4th edition, carefully revised and amended, and illustrated by 24 finely executed Maps, and a variety of illustrative Wood Engravings by Baxter, price 6s. bound and lettered.

An Historical Epitome of the Old and New Testaments, and Part of the Apocrypha; in which the events are arranged according to chronological order. By a Member of the Church of England, Author of "Weekly Prayers upon the Creation."

Just published, in post 8vo. price 4s.
METAPHYSIC RAMBLES.
 By WARNER CHRISTIAN SEARCH, LL.D. F.R.S. and M.A.
 B. Fellowes, Ludgate-street; and Milliken and Son, Dublin.
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.

Just published, price 3s. 6d. bound.
 The 4th edition, improved and enlarged, of
ARITHMETIC MODERNISED; or, a Complete System of Arithmetic adapted to Modern Practice. With Notes explaining the Foundation of the Rules, and the best Methods of applying them; and copious Illustrations of Commercial Subjects.

By JOHN DAVIDSON, A.M. Barnhilland, and ROBERT SCOTT, Edinburgh.
 Printed for Bell and Bradfield, 12, Bank-street, Edinburgh; Longman and Co., Whittaker and Co., James Duncan, and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.
 Of which may be had, the following Works by Mr. DAVIDSON.
 1. A Key to Arithmetic Modernised; containing Solutions of all the Exercises in the Work, and exhibiting the most eligible Methods of performing the various Calculations which occur in Business. Price 4s. bound.

2. The Young Arithmetician's Guide; being an easy Introductory Course of Practical Arithmetic. 2nd edit. price only 1s. 3d. bound.

3. A System of Practical Mathematics, with numerous Cuts and Copperplates, accurate Tables of Logarithms, &c. &c. Also,
 Elements of Algebra and Geometry. 3rd edition, improved and enlarged. Price 15s.

4. A Key to the System of Practical Mathematics; containing Solutions of all the Exercises in that Work. Price 7s.

5. Simson's Elements of Euclid. Price 8s.
 A new edition, revised and corrected. By John Davidson, A.M.

WORKS OF REFERENCE, ETC.
 Recently published by Whittaker and Co. Ave Maria-lane, London.

In 3 large vols. 8vo. 21. 2s. cloth lettered.
A GENERAL BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. By JOHN GORTON. A new edition, brought down to the present time.

"Mr. Gorton's publication is altogether one of great excellence, calculated to be useful to a large number of students, and deserving extensive popularity. We may also mention, that it is exceedingly large to contain every thing necessary, but not too extensive for the ordinary purposes of study, fitting, in this respect, an open space in the fields of biographical literature."—*Athenæum*.

New edition, 3 vols. 12mo. price 31s. cloth.
A Dictionary of English Quotations from the British Poets.

Part 1, Shakespeare.—Part 2, Rhyme.—Part 3, Blank Verse.
 These volumes are what they profess to be, and are honestly and tastefully executed. We have in them the essence of Shakespeare and the British Poets."—*Monthly Review*.

In 1 vol. post 8vo. price 12s. cloth.
A Dictionary of Foreign and Classical Quotations, with English Translations, and illustrated by Remarks and Explanations. By Hugh Moore, Esq.

In 1 vol. 12mo. price 7s. 6d. cloth, the 9th edition, revised and improved.
Macdonnell's Dictionary of Latin and French Quotations. To which are added many from the Greek, Spanish, and Italian Languages. Translated into English, with Illustrations.

A new edition, comprising all the alterations produced by the new Poor Law Act, &c. 1 vol. 12mo. price 1s. 6d.
A Popular Dictionary of Parochial Law and Taxation, and of the Duties of Parish Officers. By J. H. Brady. Revised by James N. Mainwaring, Esq., at-Law.

Also, by the same Authors,
The Parish Officer's Legal Adviser; or, an Authentic Guide to Churchwardens, Overseers, and other Parochial Authorities. By J. H. Brady. Revised by J. N. Mainwaring, Esq., at-Law. A new edition, amended according to the latest alteration of the law. 12mo. price 4s.

In a pocket vol. the 5th edition, 5s. in cloth.
The Secretary's Assistant; exhibiting the various and most correct modes of superscription, commencement, and conclusion of letters in persons of every degree of rank, including the diplomatic, clerical, and judicial dignities; with lists of foreign ambassadors and consuls. Also the forms necessary to be used in applications or petitions to the King in Council, Houses of Lords and Commons, Government Office, and Public Companies; with a table of precedence, and the abbreviations of the several British and foreign orders of knighthood. By the Author of the "Peerage and Baronetage," "Chairs," &c.

A new edition, with very considerable Additions and Improvements; with an Index of every Word, price 3s. in cloth.
The Writer's and Student's Assistant; or, a Compendious Dictionary of English Synonyms; rendering the more common words and phrases into the more elegant or scholarly, and presenting select for objectionable words, a choice of the most appropriate, from an assorted variety, and the opportunity of emitting occasional choice notes, pointing out the distinction between such of the words as are frequently, in error, used synonymously.
 "It will be found useful to the finished scholar and orator, as well as to the tyro or letter."—*Sunday Times*.

In royal 18mo. price 3s. cloth lettered.
The Epistolary Guide, and Elegant Correspondent; containing a great variety of letters, original and selected, on the most important passages in life; calculated equally as models for imitation, or for instructive and amusing perusal.

With an Introduction on the Art of Letter-writing, useful directions, and forms.
 In 8vo. neatly half-bound, coloured outline, 12s.; in 4to. 18s. and 21s.

Whittaker's Modern General Atlas; comprehending all the Empires, Kingdoms, States, &c. in the World, constructed from the most correct authorities, and containing all the recent discoveries. To which are added, three Maps of Ancient Geography, the whole comprising 35 Plates.

Messrs. SAUNDERS & OTLEY will shortly publish the following WORKS:
In one Octavo Volume,

THE BOOK OF GEMS.

THE POETS AND ARTISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Containing upwards of Fifty exquisitely-finished Engravings, from Original Designs by the most eminent Painters; among whom are REYNOLDS, LAWRENCE, SHEE, EASTLAKE, STOTHARD, STANFIELD, PROUT, HOWARD, BEACHEY, WILKIE, WILSON, MCCLISE, MARTIN, FARRIS, HAYTER, STEPHANOFF, INSKIPP, CATTERMOLE, MULREADY, &c. &c.

I.
DR. HOGG'S TRAVELS.
In 2 vols. 8vo.
VISIT TO DAMASCUS, ALEXANDRIA,
AND JERUSALEM.
By DR. HOGG.

II.
SCHLEGEL'S NEW WORK.
In 2 vols. 8vo.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.
By FREDERICK VON SCHLEGEL.
Translated from the German by J. B. ROBERTSON.
With a Memoir of the Author.

III.
MISS STICKNEY'S NEW WORK.
In 2 vols. post 8vo.
THE POETRY OF LIFE.
By SARAH STICKNEY,
Author of 'Pictures of Private Life.'

IV.
MISS LANDON'S NEW POEM.
In 1 vol. foolscap.
THE VOW OF THE PEACOCK.
By L. E. L.
Author of 'The Troubadour,' 'Improvisatrice,' &c.
'With a Portrait of the Author.

V.
In 3 vols. post 8vo.
MY AUNT PONTYPOOL.
A NOVEL.

VI.
MR. LODGE'S PEERAGE.
In 1 vol. bound.
LODGE'S PEERAGE FOR 1836,
Corrected to the Present Time.
"A work which corrects all errors of former works."—Times.

MR. CHORLEY'S NEW WORK.
In 3 vols. post 8vo.

VII.
NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HIGHWAYS
AND BY-WAYS.'
In 3 vols. post 8vo.
AGNES DE MANSFELDT.
By the Author of 'Highways and By-ways.'

VIII.
MR. JAMES'S NEW WORK.
In 1 8vo. vol.
ON THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITU-
TIONS OF GERMANY.
By G. F. R. JAMES, Esq.

IX.
CAPTAIN GLASCOCK'S NEW WORK.
In 2 vols. post 8vo.
THE NAVAL SERVICE;
Or, OFFICER'S MANUAL.
By Capt. GLASCOCK, Author of 'The Naval Sketch-Book.'

CONTI THE DISCARDED;

WITH OTHER TALES AND FANCIES.

By HENRY F. CHORLEY, Esq., Author of 'Sketches of a Sea-Port Town.'—(Now ready.)

In 2 vols. 8vo.
DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.
By M. DE TOCQUEVILLE.
"We recommend M. de Tocqueville's work as the very best
on the subject of America we have ever met with."—Blackwood.

II.
MR. BULWER'S NEW WORK.
Second Edition, in 2 vols. post 8vo.
THE STUDENT.
By the Author of 'Eugene Aram,' 'Raglan and the English.'

III.
SIR WILLIAM GELL.
In 2 vols. 8vo.
ROME AND ITS VICINITY.
By Sir WILLIAM GELL,
Author of 'The Itinerary of Greece,' 'Topography of Troy,'
'Pompeii,' &c.
With a beautiful MAP made expressly for the Work by the
Author.
"These elegant volumes are indispensable to the complete
scholar and the classical traveller."—Spectator.

IV.
SIR GRENVILLE TEMPLE.
In 2 vols. 8vo.
EXCURSIONS IN THE MEDITERRA-
NEAN, TUNIS, AND ALGIERS.
By Major Sir GRENVILLE T. TEMPLE, Bart.
"Sir Grenville Temple is a highly-accomplished gentleman
and a talented tourist; and his Excursions afford us information
not to be found in any other work with which we are acquainted."
—Monthly Review.

V.
Second Edition, in 3 vols. post 8vo.
VISITS AND SKETCHES AT HOME
AND ABROAD.
By Mrs. JAMESON, Author of 'Characteristics of Women.'
"These graceful and delightful volumes afford a vivid instance
of the strength and reach of the female talent of the present
day. They are full of woman's keenness of observation, of her
enthusiastic warmth of feeling, and of the rich elegance of her
imagination."—Athenæum.

VI.
New edition, revised and enlarged, in 2 vols. post 8vo.
CELEBRATED FEMALE SOVEREIGNS,
THEIR MEMOIRS.
By Mrs. JAMESON.
"We are indebted to Mrs. Jameson for two very delightful
volumes, and we have to congratulate her on their completion,
in a manner equally creditable to herself and advantageous to
her readers. The characters are faithfully delineated, and the
work will always be read with new pleasure."—New Monthly.

VII.
Third Edition, corrected and enlarged, in 2 vols. post 8vo.
with 52 Vignettes.
CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.
By Mrs. JAMESON.
"A beautiful and touching commentary on the heart and mind
of women."—Literary Gazette. (Nearly ready.)

VIII.
Second Edition, in 2 vols. post 8vo.
PASSAGES IN THE LIVES OF THE
POETS.
By Mrs. JAMESON.

XI.
1 vol. post 8vo.
SHAKESPEARE'S TRIAL FOR DEER-
STEALING.
"This is a book of remarkable genius. It deserves to have
its dwelling near the loved and envied name of Shakespeare.
It is the work of Walter Savage Landor."—Examiner.

X.
Second edition, in 2 vols. post 8vo.
TWO OLD MEN'S TALES:
THE DEFORMED AND THE ADMIRAL'S
DAUGHTER.
"Two tales of a remarkable character, displaying striking
talent—a profound anatomy of human emotions—nervous, elo-
quent, and fearfully distinct."—Atlas.

XI.
Third Edition, in 1 small volume, bound in silk, with coloured
Plates.
THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.
"By all those token flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well."—Byron.

XII.
In 1 vol. royal 8vo, splendidly illustrated.
THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.
By the Author of 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' &c.
"A book of deep pathos and exquisite beauty."—Court Journ.
"We cannot help expressing our admiration of the taste and
skill with which Mr. Bulwer has arranged his materials."—
Athenæum.

XIII.
THE WIFE.
By the Hon. Mrs. NORTON.
"Such a book might have been one of those upon which the
spirit of Fox was fond of reposing, when he forgot London
politics in his temporary raptures. Mrs. Norton lays bare
the workings of society with all the delicate and minute analytic
power which belongs especially to the woman of genius."—
Morning Herald.

XIV.
CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S NOVELS.
THE PACHA OF MANY TALES.
By the Author of 'Peter Simple' and 'Jacob Faithful.'
"The most humorous, the most original, and the most varied
of the Captain's writings."—Metropolitan.

XV.
JACOB FAITHFUL.
By the Author of 'Peter Simple.'
Third Edition, revised, in 3 vols. post 8vo.
"We thought 'Peter Simple' admirable; but we prefer
'Jacob Faithful.'"—John Bull.

XVI.
PETER SIMPLE.
By the Author of 'The King's Own.'
Third Edition, revised, in 3 vols. post 8vo.
"He that imagined 'Peter Simple' is a Sea-Fiddling!"—
Blackwood.

XVII.
THE KING'S OWN.
3 vols. post 8vo.

XVIII.
THE TWO FRIENDS.
By the Countess of BLESSINGTON.
Now ready, in 3 vols. post 8vo.
"We close these volumes with a very high sense of the shrewd-
ness and ability of Lady Blessington."—Examiner.

XIX.
NEW WORK EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF
'GRANBY.'
In 3 vols. post 8vo.
ANNE GREY.
Edited by the Author of 'Granby.'
"This book must become a general favourite; it is full of
feminine loveliness, and that quickness of observation which is
the peculiar gift of the sex."—Court Journal.

XX.
NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE
COLLEGIANS.'
In 3 vols. post 8vo.
MY NEIGHBOURHOOD.
By the Author of 'The Collegians.'

COMPLETION OF COWPER'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Splendidly illustrated by the FINDENS, after Drawings taken on the spot expressly for this Edition by Mr. Harding.—Now ready, handsomely bound and lettered, in Eight Volumes, 8s. each.

COWPER'S LIFE AND WORKS,

Including his "PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE," which is incorporated EXCLUSIVELY in this Edition.
Revised, arranged, and edited by the Rev. T. S. GRIMSHAW, M.A., Author of 'The Life of the Rev. Leigh Richmond.' With an Essay on the
Genius and Poetry of Cowper, by the Rev. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Vicar of Harrow.
"We are thoroughly satisfied, from personal knowledge, that Mr. Grimshaw is the only living man who can do justice to the Life of Cowper."—Evangelical Magazine, April.

LONDON: JAMES HOLMES, Tonk's Court, Chancery Lane. Published every Saturday at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, No. 2, Catherine Street, Strand, by J. FRANCIS; and sold by all Booksellers and
Newspaper Agents: for SCOTLAND, Messrs. Bell & Bradburn, Edinburgh; for IRELAND, W. F. Wakeman, Dublin; for the CONTINENT, M. Baudry, 9, Rue du Coq-St.-Honoré, Paris.